

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

IN COLOUR: THE LEAPING TROUT; CACTI; AND A BADGER FAMILY.



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to the late King George VI

CHAMPAGNE Charles Heidsieck REIMS

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CHARLES HEIDSIECK
EXTRA DRY

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TENNENT'S LAGER
ENJOYED THE WORLD O'ER

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Red Blaekle
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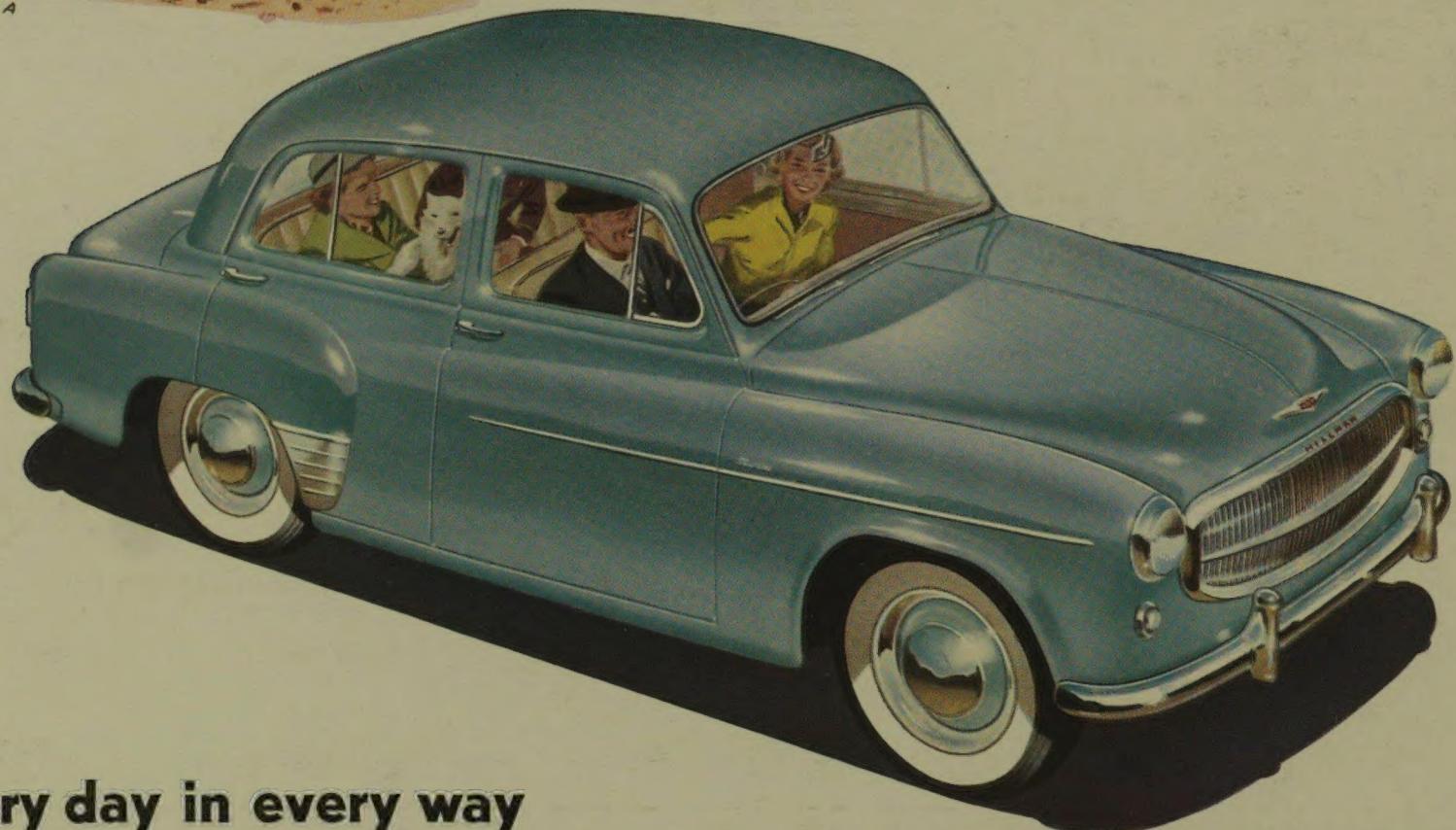
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Happier with the flashaway zest, the silk-smooth 75 m.p.h.
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All the techniques of
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THE BOOST OF BENZOLE!

The new National Benzole Mixture adds the known great benefits of Benzole to a new high-grade petrol drawn from the most modern refineries in Great Britain.

Modern refinery techniques are primarily designed to raise the aromatic content of the motor spirit produced. Aromatics are the key substances in motor spirits—responsible for high anti-knock rating, smooth burning and maximum mileage per gallon.

Double the aromatic content

To this new base petrol is added Benzole which is 100% aromatics. The result, in the new National Benzole Mixture, is a fuel with double the aromatic content of ordinary premium motor spirits.

This new high-aromatic National Benzole Mixture, with its remarkable anti-knock rating, its greater energy content—giving maximum miles per gallon—plus Benzole's long-established startability, meets every requirement of the modern car. It is, in fact, ahead of today's engine design—it is the most modern of all motor spirits.

THE NEW NATIONAL
BENZOLE MIXTURE
HIGH-AROMATIC

THE MOST MODERN OF ALL MOTOR SPIRITS





HORSE SENSE

"I have a vague feeling, Wilfred, that I dreamt the name of the winner last night. Would there be a horse called Forked Lightning in the big race?"

"There wouldn't, Bill. That was the name of a bland concoction the barman mixed you just before closing time."

"Then what about Kensington Kitty?"

"The landlord's bulldog. And to put your tortured mind at rest, the barmaid's name was Emily. Feel like a drink?"

"Intensely. I have a strong hunch about gin and Rose's Lime Juice in a series of doubles."

"Bill—your form is improving. After two or three gin and Rose's I shall await your nap selection for the 4.15."

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

SHORT DRINK: $\frac{2}{3}$ GIN, $\frac{1}{3}$ ROSE'S LIME JUICE LONG DRINK: FILL UP WITH SODA

You know what
you're getting



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Extra large oven—clear cooking space $15^{\prime\prime}$ w x $13^{\prime\prime}$ d x $16^{\prime\prime}$ h.
Automatic simmering controls on grill boiler and 2 boiling plates.
Fold-down hob cover forms useful table top.
Available on wheels for easy cleaning 55/- extra.
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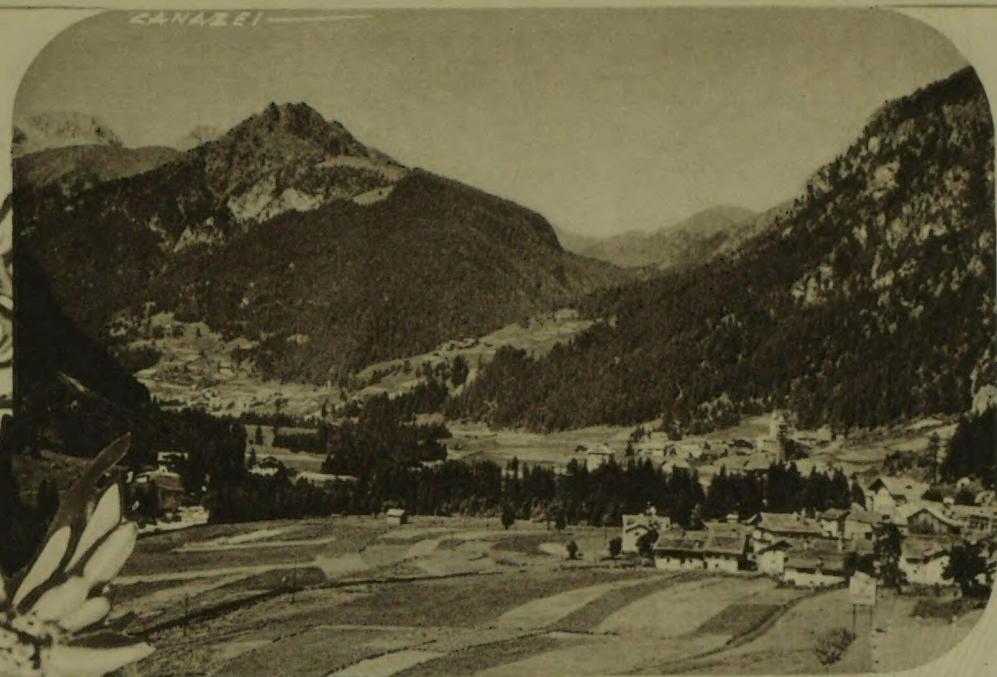
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FREE! Write to Belling & Co. Ltd., Bridge Works, Enfield, for 64-page colour catalogue of Belling electric fires and cookers—it's full of useful information about electricity in the home.

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In the Dolomites, that wonderful
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visits for rest, sport and gaiety.

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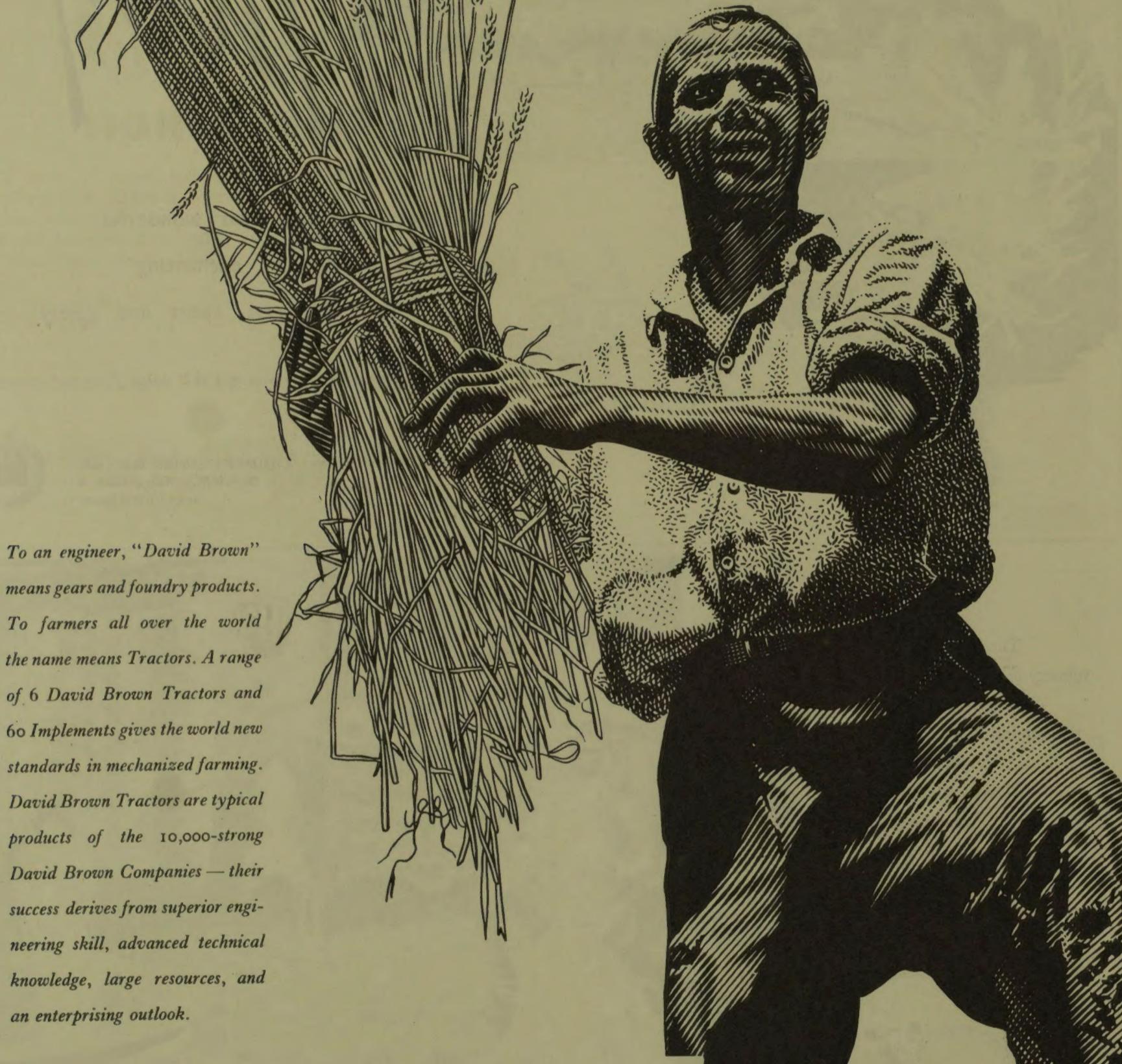


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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1955.



THE BRITISH VICTORY IN THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP, WINDSOR INTERNATIONAL HORSE TRIALS: THE QUEEN PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO MAJOR WELDON, TEAM LEADER, WITH (RIGHT: L. TO R.) MR. A. E. HILL AND MAJOR ROOK.

The British team, splendidly led by Major Frank Weldon on *Kilbarry*, won the European Championship at Windsor, thus securing victory for this country for the third year in succession, with 198·198 penalty points between them. Switzerland, the only other country to complete the test, was second with 371·166. Major Weldon also scored a brilliant individual victory with a score of plus 4·676, and, as owner and rider of the winning horse, gained the Queen's special trophy, The *Daily Telegraph Cup*, and the Cup for the first British entry past the post. On May 19 the fourth member of the team, Miss D. Mason, who

had earlier given an impeccable display of dressage on *Tramella*, was eliminated by refusals in the thirty-four-jump cross-country course. Thus the three remaining riders, Major Weldon, Mr. A. E. Hill on *Countryman III*, and Major Rook on *Starlight*, all had to complete the show-jumping proof to avoid elimination of the team. Lieut.-Commander J. Oram, R.N., British reserve rider, took second in the individual placings on *Radar* with minus 37·10. The Royal family took a close interest; the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their children, watched the cross-country section from a car. The Queen presented the trophies.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the most curious and, to my mind, one of the most depressing, of the phenomena of our age is the way in which the people of this island since 1918 have tended to discount the influence and importance of sea-power. Prior to that time, it had been common ground for all educated Englishmen, and certainly for all those who governed the country, whatever their political alignment, that control of the maritime highways by the Royal Navy was something that served not only Britain's interests but the liberty, peace and progress of mankind. The association between Britain ruling the waves and Britons being free was so firmly established in the public mind that no one ever thought of challenging it; when we spoke of our liberties and those of others, we thought of the Royal Navy; and when we thought of the Royal Navy, we thought of freedom. And it was not only Englishmen who thought in this way; a great many foreigners thought in the same way, too. The "meteor flag of England," whatever other things it represented—good and bad—represented the conception of widening political freedom; the deck of a British man-of-war was a place where the slave's chains were loosed and the hunted and proscribed exile felt himself once more a man. And this despite the shocking eighteenth-century paradox of the Press Gang: the vicarious sacrifice by which a nation of free men secured their own freedom by limiting that of their seafaring countrymen. Everyone remembers the song that Sir Winston Churchill, who was bred in the old English sea-dog and bulldog tradition, used to sing as a boy at Harrow School:

Daddy Neptune one day unto
Freedom did say,
"If ever I lived upon dry
land,
Why, the place I should hit on
Would be little Britain."
Said Freedom, "Why, that's
my own island!"

That was what almost all our ancestors, including our fathers, firmly believed.

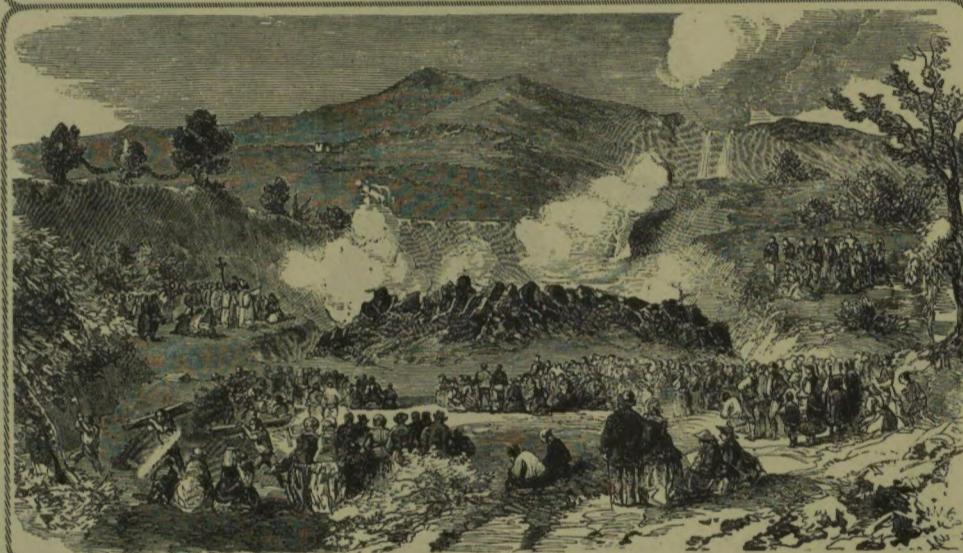
Yet I think, in retrospect, we can see that the belief, nationally speaking, was only skin-deep. It was confined largely to the upper and middle classes of the community: to those, that is, who governed England before the Representation of the People Act of 1918. The men of the Lower Deck, those glorious fighters, might think of their ships as invincible and always be ready to see them laid alongside an enemy, whatever the odds. And the working folk of the nineteenth century music-hall chanted in patriotic chorus the praises of the "likely little lads in Navy blue," and of "Britannia's voice of thunder." But these popular maritime sentiments were little more than a reflection of the bellicose spirit of the age: they were not the expression of a considered political philosophy that the nation's liberty and welfare depended in the last resort on the command on the waves and that the first article of an Englishman's creed should be that "he believeth in the Sea." When in 1918 electoral power passed from the educated classes who held this belief, our command of the sea was no longer viewed essential. It was even regarded by many as something of which to be ashamed.

Yet the connection between human liberty and the sea-power of a free people is not a mere piece of patriotic claptrap. It is a political truth of which the history of this country and of ancient Athens alike affords proof. The majority of men and women have, as idealists frequently point out, no conscious desire to deprive their fellow-beings of their liberty. They only ask to enjoy their own and to live peacefully with their families and pursue their livelihood. But life in a populated world cannot be lived by human beings in isolation but only in societies, and the moment organised society impinges on the individual the ugly facts of force and constraint make their appearance and the age-long struggle between power and liberty begins. Absolute liberty cannot exist in this world; it must always, it seems, if it exists at all—and a deeply-implanted instinct in the human heart makes men long for it—be liberty tempered by some kind of power. The ideal society is one in which liberty is least tempered by that unavoidable application of restraint and force. And it is here that the sea-power of a society that holds this view—a society, that is, like liberal and parliamentary Britain—can have such an immense and beneficial effect on human affairs and on the gradual growth throughout the world of the conception of liberty. For liberty in organised societies cannot be enforced; it can only be guarded from those who attempt to deny and destroy it. And the virtue of sea-power is that it is a form of force that cannot easily

enslave men—creatures who live on land—but that can most effectively and economically prevent them from being enslaved by others. It serves as no other force known to man serves, to isolate tyranny and prevent its expansion. That was precisely what British sea-power in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries did. It was not used to conquer others, though sometimes it enabled British land forces—and remarkably small land forces—to substitute in enslaved and anarchic lands a more moderate, gentle and less lawless external force for a cruel and tyrannical one. For the former, impartial historical examination will show, was what British imperial rule in effect was. The only important exception of which I can think was the eighteenth-century slave trade, and this, it must be remembered, was not conducted under the auspices of Government, like the slave trade of the Siberian labour camps to-day. Indeed, after a comparatively short time, it was expressly forbidden by Government and repressed at the taxpayer's expense by the ships of the Royal Navy. And if British rule in India involved in its latter stages a certain amount of repression, and at times, like all repression, ugly repression, it began as the substitution of just and mild government for an atrocious and plundering military anarchy and for monstrous tyrannies like that of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib.

Yet it was not the ability of Britain to extend her mild and, in the end, liberalising and liberating rule in lands formerly subject to anarchy or tyranny that was the major benefit conferred by her sea-power. Far more important was the limit it placed on war and aggression by barring a tyrant's and invader's path by an impassable ocean barrier. Three-quarters of the earth's surface is salt water, and in a world in which large bodies of men are directed by those who are still ready to resort to force to impose their tyrannical will on others, control of the sea is by far the most effective and practical way of preventing them from doing so. It may not prevent them from attacking and enslaving their immediate continental neighbours—this cannot be done except at the expense of bloody and destructive land warfare in which the cure can often prove worse even than the disease. But it can isolate war and tyranny and prevent them from spreading, and the more absolute the command of the sea in the hands of those who love peace and liberty, the more effective this isolation can be. The effect of British sea-power in the nineteenth century—after 1815 the happiest and most peaceful in human annals—affords a classic

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MAY 26, 1855.



"THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS—THE BED OF LAVA IN THE VALLEY OF SOMMA."

"... The lowest part of that river of fire which, having its source in the craters opened in the side of the cone of Vesuvius, has flowed through the valley of Somma, fallen in one mighty sheet full one thousand feet in depth, and, after a course of nine or ten miles, is now devouring houses and vineyards. ... The cone is hidden from the view by the great height of the lower part of the mountain. ... The moment that we have seized for taking our View was when the Cardinal Nunzio Sforza visited the ground that was threatened by the lava, and implored the Almighty to stay the scourge. ... The Cardinal is on the left, with his mitre and crosier; his clergy are around him, and below him are groups of country people on their knees, weeping and praying, in full confidence in the power of the Cardinal's intercession. Since that occasion, this stream of lava has progressed rapidly, sometimes at the rate of ninety palms (270 inches) an hour."

example of this. And in 1914 it confined the first war of German aggression to Europe and to certain very small corners of Asia and Africa, and brought it to an end within four years. It is fearful to contemplate the extent of human misery and fatality between 1939 and 1945 that followed our well-meant attempt after 1918 to abdicate our century-old guardianship of the world's salt-water water-ways. Had we in 1939 possessed a Navy of comparable size and comparable armament—armed, that is, not only with guns, but with the new weapons of the air—to that which we possessed in 1914, not only would the Mediterranean have remained open and Italy's participation in the war have been impossible, but the war in the Pacific could never have occurred or, if it had done, would have resulted in a British-American sea blockade of Japan as close as that of Germany. The British and Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Siam, Indo-China, Malaya, Burma, New Guinea, New Britain and the Solomons, would never have fallen into the cruel hands of Japan or been devastated by war. And if we had retained our mastery of the sea and added to it, as we could have done, mastery of the air over the seas—the essential condition of modern sea-power—and used that mastery against the potential aggressor and tyrant with firmness, there could have been no attack by Japan on China in the 1930's and probably no attack by Germany on her neighbours. And all these untold disasters to mankind could have been averted at the cost to the British taxpayer of building—or, rather, refusing to scrap, for before the Washington Disarmament Conference we already possessed them—an additional twenty battleships and of adding a dozen or twenty aircraft-carriers. What this would have saved in money alone is past all calculation, still more what it would have saved in human life. Nor do I believe that the coming of the atomic weapon, with all its horrible implications, has altered the fundamental fact that command of the sea and the air above it by those who love peace and liberty is the surest and cheapest way to preserve both.



A GIFT FROM RUSSIA TO POLAND : THE STALIN PALACE OF CULTURE AND SCIENCE IN THE HEART OF WARSAW.

The Stalin Palace of Culture and Science, a gift from the Soviet Union to Poland, stands in the heart of Warsaw with its 740-ft. tower dominating the scene for miles. Work on the building was started in the middle of 1953, and, if all goes according to plan, it will be formally opened on July 22 this year. The materials used for the building and the engineers and 5000 workmen were sent from Russia. The building contains a concert hall, a children's theatre, a swimming-pool and many offices.

ITEMS FROM OVERSEAS : THE FRENCH EVACUATE HAIPHONG, A NEW WARSAW BUILDING, KING BAUDOUIN IN THE CONGO, AND NEWS FROM NORWAY, NEW CALEDONIA, AND FINLAND.



THE LAST SALUTE : GENERAL COGNY SALUTING THE WAR MEMORIAL IN HAIPHONG BEFORE THE FRENCH TROOPS EVACUATED THE PORT AND IT PASSED TO COMMUNIST CONTROL.

Under the terms of the Geneva Agreement, the port of Haiphong, in Tongking, passed to Communist control on May 13. The French forces boarded a fleet of naval ships and civil transports waiting in the harbour, leaving the Communists in possession of this vital Red River Delta port.



AT NANSEN'S HOME, WHICH IS NOW A SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE : NORWAY'S

PRIME MINISTER ABOUT TO PLACE A WREATH ON NANSEN'S GRAVE.

On May 13, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Fritjof Nansen, the great Norwegian Arctic explorer, zoologist and statesman, his home "Polhøgda," near Oslo, was opened as a scientific research centre. Our photograph shows Mr. Gerhardsen, the Prime Minister of Norway, about to place a wreath on Nansen's grave in the grounds of his old home.



AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS THREE-WEEKS TOUR OF THE BELGIAN CONGO : KING BAUDOUIN BEING GREETED WITH CHEERS IN AVENUE ALBERT I. IN LEOPOLDVILLE.

On May 16 King Baudouin arrived by air in the Belgian Congo at the beginning of a three-weeks tour. The King, the first Belgian monarch to visit this territory for twenty-seven years, was greeted at Ndolo Airport by M. Pétillon (who can be seen in this photograph on the King's left), the Governor-General, and by the Minister of Colonies, M. Buisseret. Most of Leopoldville's African population of 300,000 assembled in the streets to greet the King with cheers and cries of "Vive le roi!"



BEFORE UNVEILING THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE IN BOURAIL, NEW CALEDONIA : SIR HAROLD BARROWCLOUGH, CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEW ZEALAND, MAKING HIS ADDRESS.

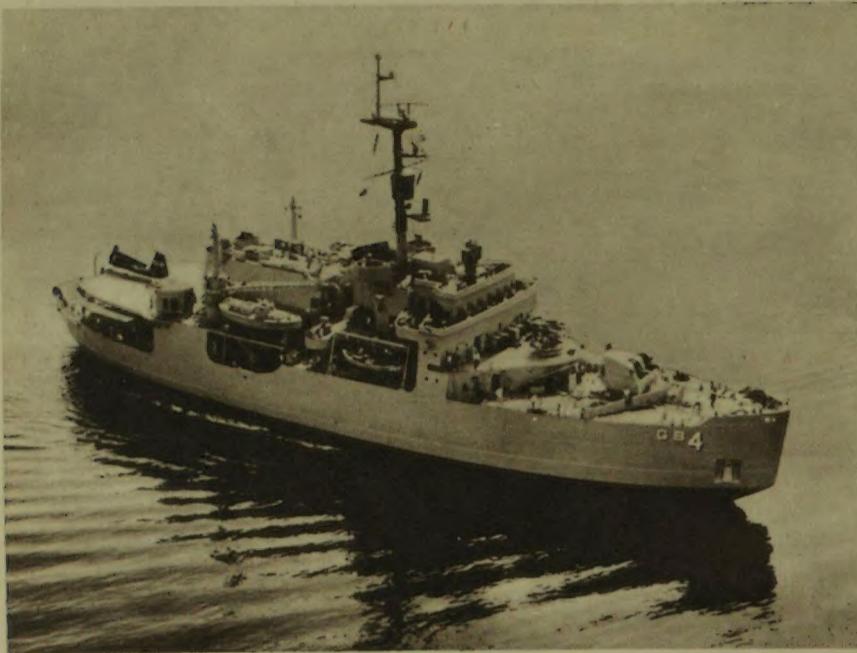
On May 8, in the town of Bourail in the French territory of New Caledonia, Sir Harold Barrowclough, Chief Justice of New Zealand, unveiled the Cross of Sacrifice in the New Zealand War Cemetery. Sir Harold went to New Caledonia with a delegation of Service chiefs, parliamentarians, ex-service men and next-of-kin. Three hundred New Zealand soldiers and airmen lie in the cemetery, which is one of the most beautifully-situated in the world.



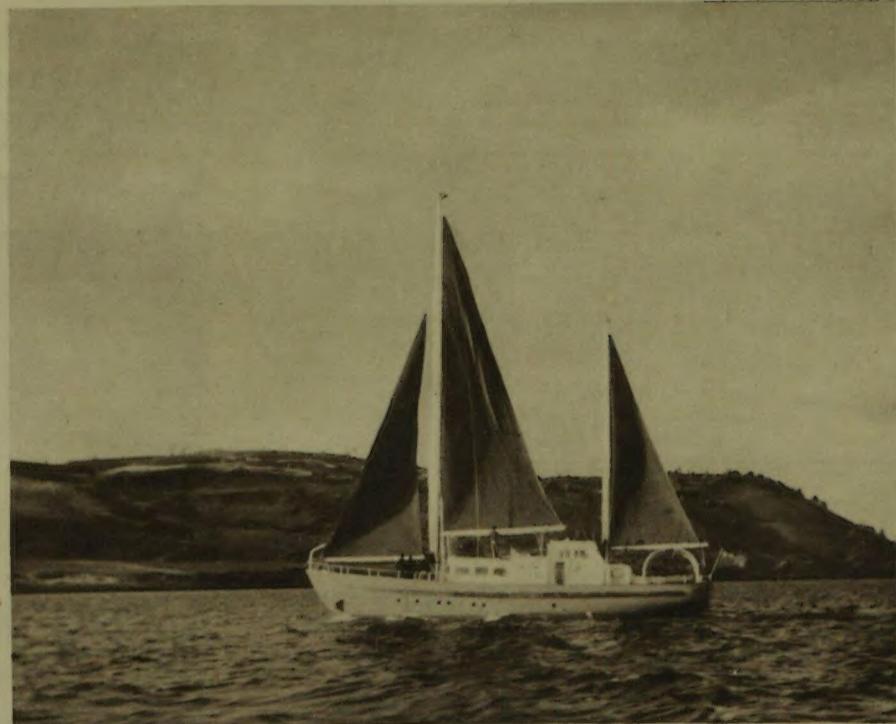
CELEBRATING THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CHURCH OF FINLAND : A PROCESSION IN TURKU SHOWING THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

On May 19, the 800th anniversary of the founding of the Church of Finland was celebrated in Turku, the ancient capital of Finland and the seat of the Archbishop of Finland, the fiftieth incumbent of the chair of St. Henry. Our photograph shows part of a procession, which showed the history of the Church, making its way through the streets of Turku from the thirteenth-century cathedral. The figure (second from right) represents the English-born Bishop Henry of Uppsala, who is followed by monks and crusaders.

MAN'S MASTERY OVER SEA AND AIR: A STEEL "ISLAND", A STRANGE AIRCRAFT, AND NEW SHIPS.

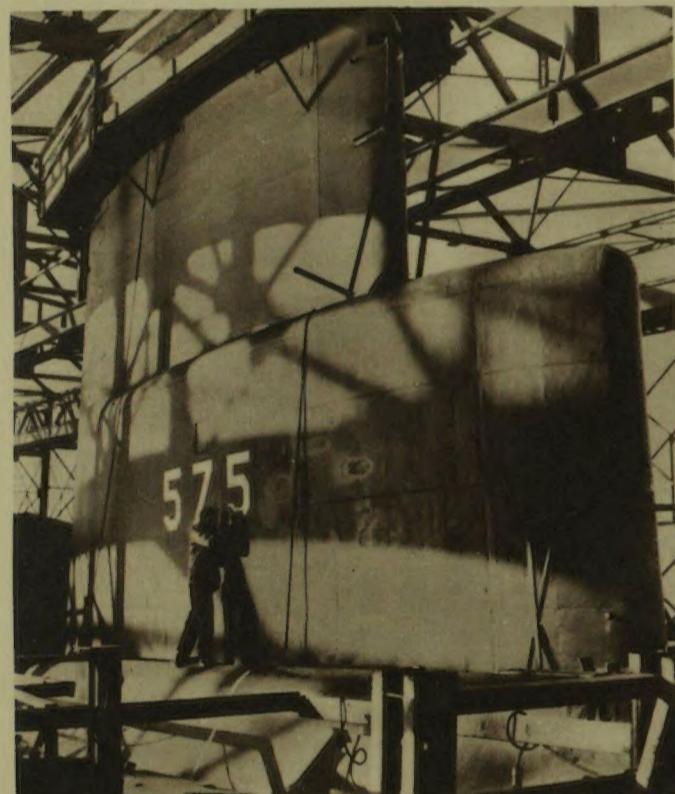


THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S POWERFUL NEW ICE-BREAKER ON HER THREE-DAYS "SHAKE-DOWN" CRUISE: *GLACIER*, LARGEST VESSEL OF HER TYPE TO BE BUILT IN THE U.S., AFTER HER LAUNCHING AT PASCAGOULA, MISS.

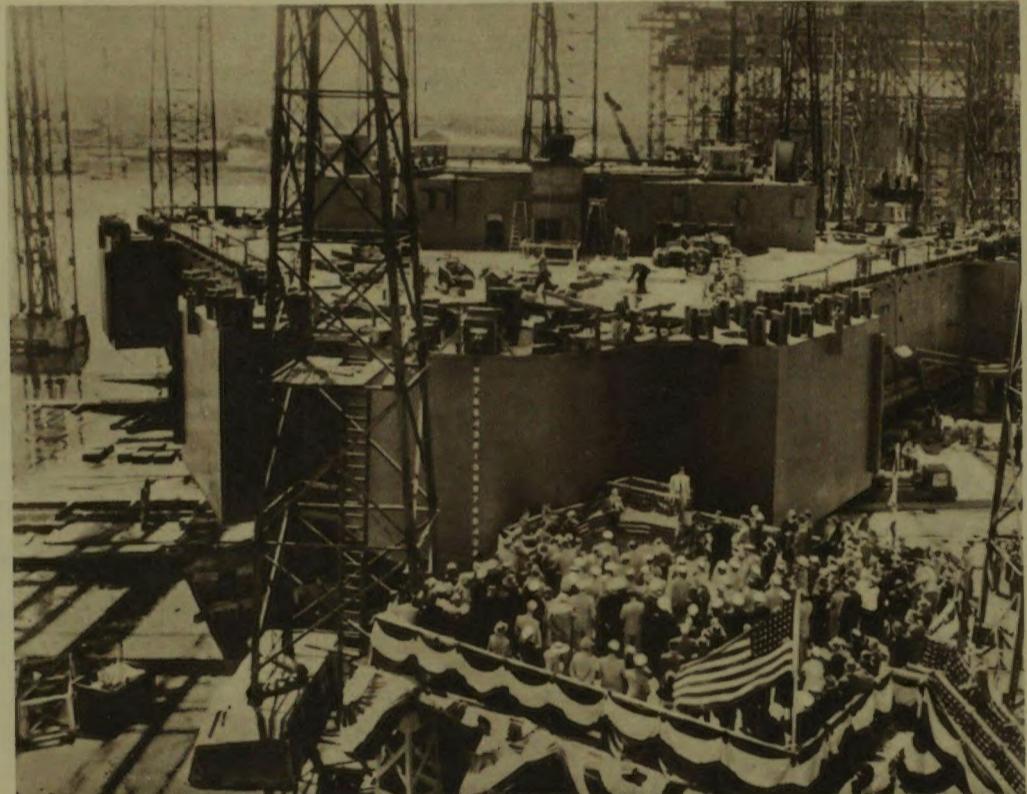


AN ALL-WELDED ALUMINIUM ALLOY YACHT: THE *MORAG MHOR* (45 TONS), BUILT BY SAUNDERS-ROE (ANGLESEY) FOR THE BRITISH ALUMINIUM CO.

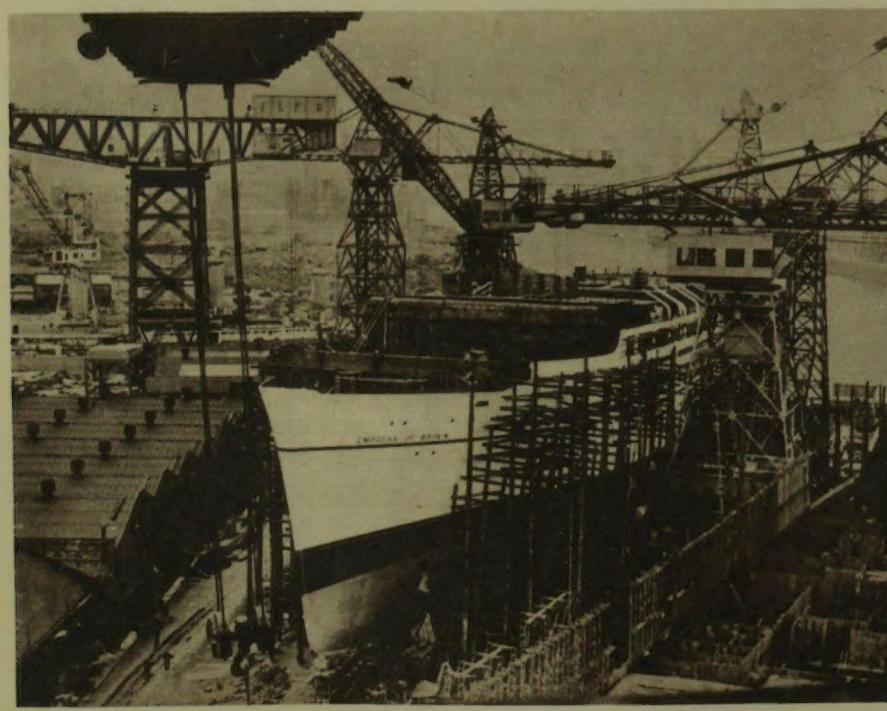
The all-welded aluminium alloy yacht, the *Morag Mhor*, was under way in the Solent on May 18. The British Aluminium Co., which has taken the lead in this country in the application of the self-adjusting arc welding process in shipbuilding, commissioned her to demonstrate the suitability of the equipment under workshop conditions for practical aluminium shipbuilding. Designed by Laureat Giles and Partners, she is the largest all-welded vessel to be constructed of aluminium alloys other than for naval service.



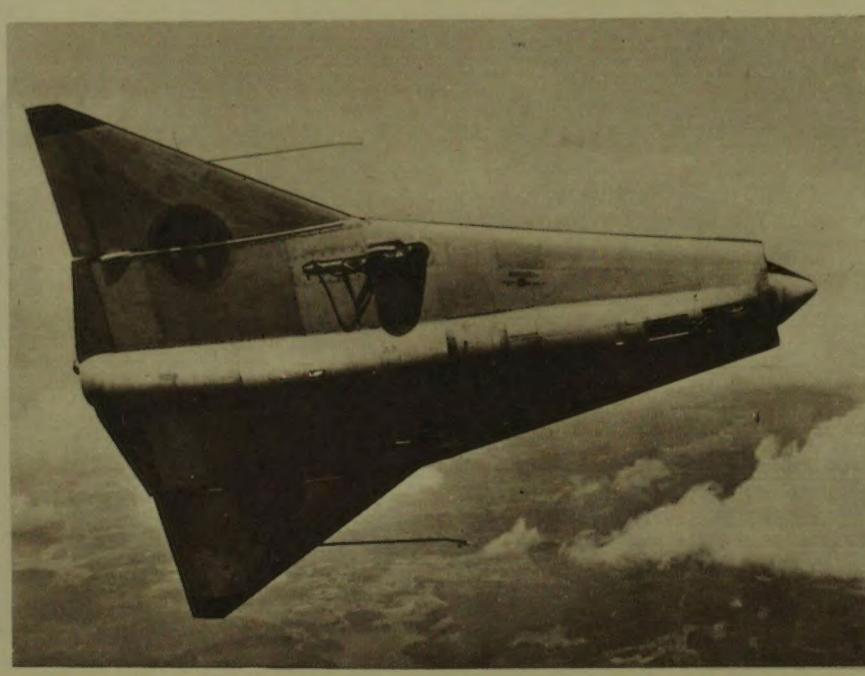
THE SECOND AMERICAN ATOMIC SUBMARINE, DUE TO BE LAUNCHED IN MID-JULY: THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF *SEA WOLF* (3180 TONS). THE U.S. NAVY SECRETARY OFFICIATED AT THE KEEL-LAYING IN SEPT. 1953.



THE LAUNCHING OF A MAN-MADE "ISLAND" TO SERVE AS A RADAR DETECTION AND AIRCRAFT WARNING STATION: *GEORGE'S BANK AIR STATION* BEING INCHED TOWARDS THE WATER. The first of some thirty man-made "islands" to stand in the Atlantic Ocean off the eastern coast of the U.S. for radar detection and aircraft warning was launched on May 20 in Bethlehem shipyard, Quincy, Mass. The 6000-ton triangular steel platform will stand on the continental shelf on three 200-ft-long legs to be attached later. It will be manned by seventy Air Force Coast Guard and Weather Service men.

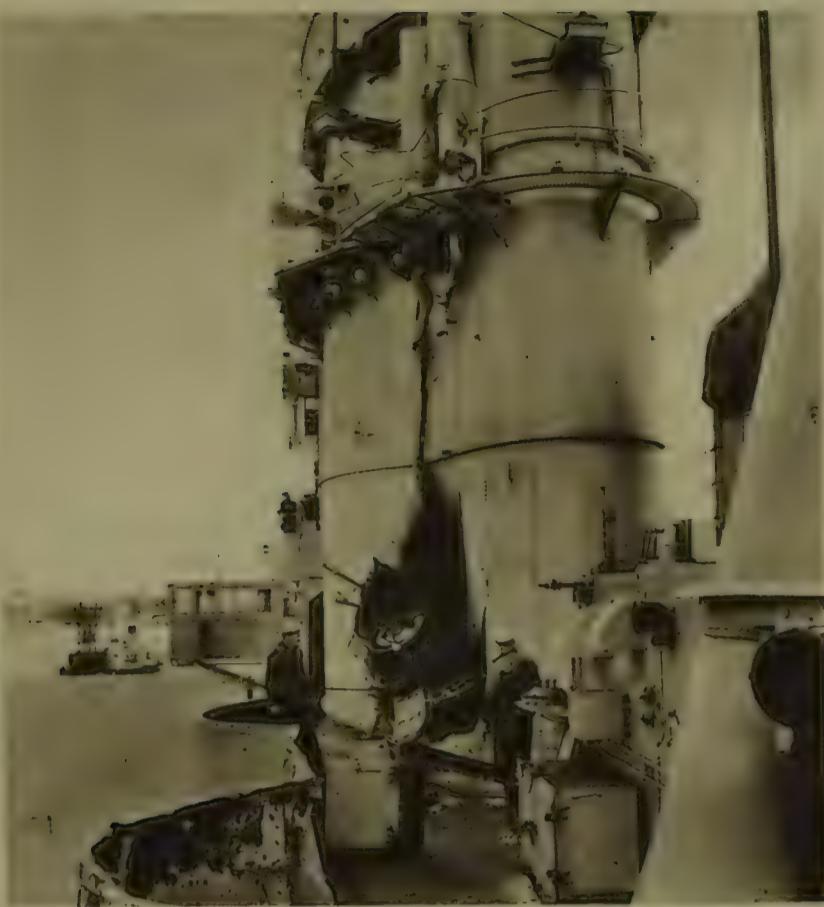


TO BE LAUNCHED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON JUNE 22: THE *EMPEROR OF BRITAIN*, NEW CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER LINER, IN THE FAIRFIELD SHIPBUILDING YARD, GOVAN. A keel plate of the new 22,500-ton passenger liner *Empress of Britain* for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was laid on September 30, 1953, and she will be launched by her Majesty the Queen on June 22. She will carry 150 first-class passengers and 900 tourist-class, and will have a speed of about 22 knots.



A SWEDISH RESEARCH AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT: THE SAAB 210 *DRAKEN* SINGLE-SEAT TAILLESS AIRCRAFT POWERED BY AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY ADDER TURBOJET ENGINE. The SAAB 210 *Draken* was built expressly for the testing of an unusual wing configuration at supersonic speeds. The wing, which has an extremely low aspect ratio, has a plan form made up of two triangles, or a "double-delta" form. The aircraft made its first flight in December 1951.

A HOME RECORD : NEWS OF BRITISH EVENTS
AND OCCASIONS ON LAND AND SEA.



THE ENGINE OF A SINGLE-SEATER WYVERN FIGHTER EMBEDDED IN THE FUNNEL OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER : A SCENE ON H.M.S. EAGLE AFTER A CRASH.

A single-seater Westland Wyvern fighter crashed into the funnel of the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* on May 17 during deck-landing trials. When about to land, the pilot was waved off, but in accelerating, his engine stalled, and the aircraft crashed into the port after-side of the funnel, the engine remaining wedged in the casing. The pilot was seriously injured, and was removed by helicopter to a Royal Naval hospital. The *Eagle* later entered Portsmouth Dockyard for repairs.



SOLD FOR 16,500 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S: A PANEL PAINTING, "DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS," ASCRIBED TO CARAVAGGIO, BUT BELIEVED TO BE BY RUBENS.

A panel painting which had exercised the art world for some time was sold for 16,500 guineas at Christie's on May 20. The painting, entitled "Democritus and Heraclitus," measured 37½ ins. by 49 ins., and was catalogued as "the property of a nobleman." Ascribed to Caravaggio, it was nevertheless attributed at the sale to Rubens. It is said that the final bid emanated from the owner's own family.



FIRING GRAPNELS TO THE CLIFF-TOP BY ROCKET APPARATUS: A COMMANDO DEMONSTRATION OF AN INVASION CLIFF ASSAULT, USING ROCKET-FIRED ROPES WITH GRAPNELS ATTACHED.

One of the features of an invasion demonstration given by commandos in the Isle of Wight on May 17 was a cliff assault exercise, in which rocket apparatus was used to fire grapnels to the cliff-top in order to speed the assaulting troops ascending the rock-face.



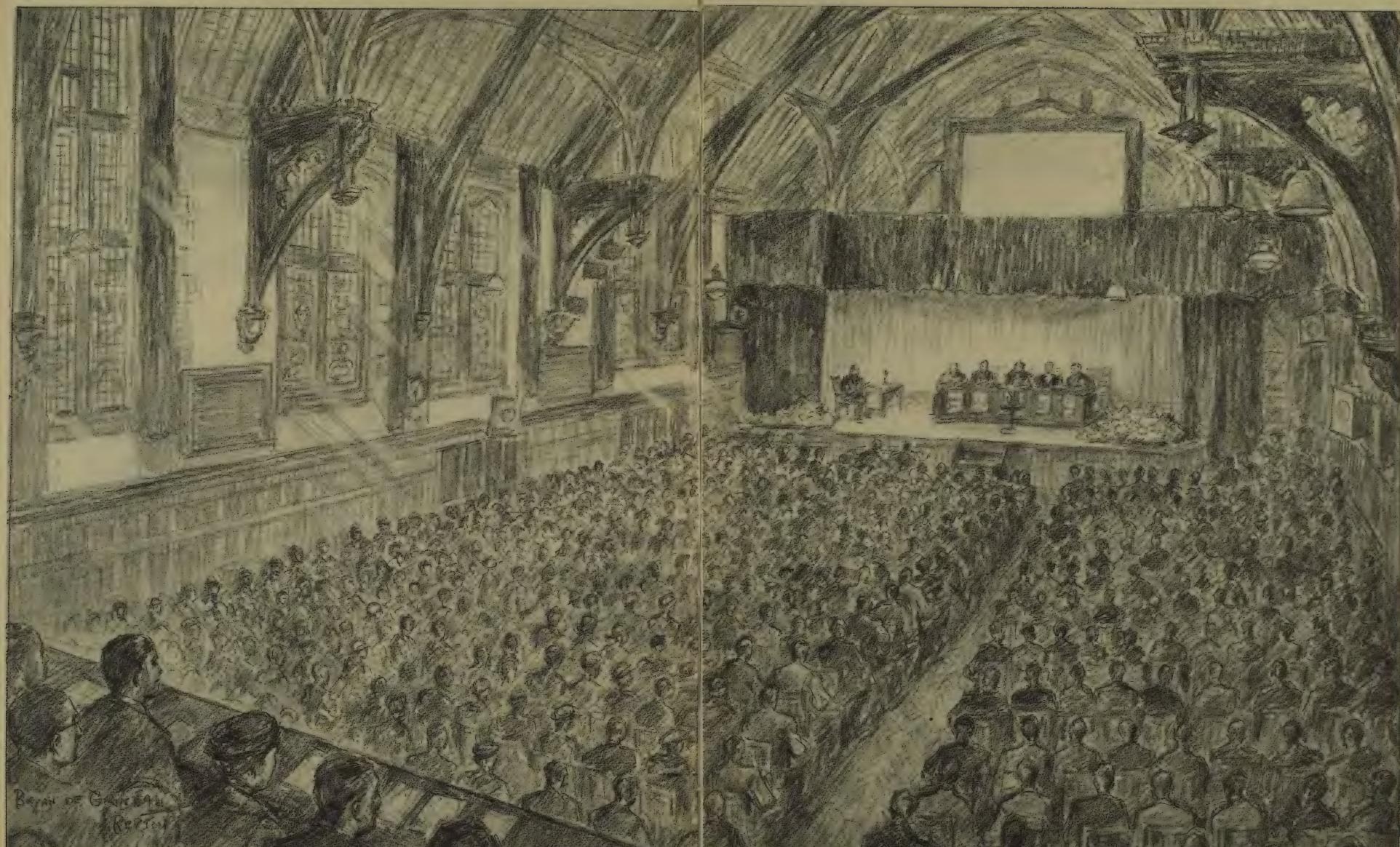
INVESTIGATING THE RESERVES OF COAL UNDER THE SEA: A FLOATING DRILLING TOWER READY FOR TOWING IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH. The National Coal Board's floating drilling tower will be towed out into the Firth of Forth within the next few days, to begin later its probing into the sea-bed to prove the existence of coal reserves estimated at 6,000,000,000 tons.



WEARING THE NEW TYPE OF TRICORNE HAT ISSUED WITH THEIR UNIFORM: A GROUP OF WOMEN PRISON OFFICERS PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLLOWAY PRISON.



WALKING IN PROCESSION, PRECEDED BY LORD HALIFAX, CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY: THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN AFTER THE CEREMONY. King Gustaf of Sweden, accompanied by the Queen of Sweden, visited Oxford University on May 19 to receive from the Chancellor of the University, Lord Halifax, the degree of Doctor of Letters in recognition of his eminence as an archaeologist and a student of the arts.



THE PLEASURES AND DANGERS OF READING DISCUSSED AT REPTON SCHOOL: A LIVELY LITERARY

Repton School, in Derbyshire, was the scene on May 20 of a lively literary Brains Trust, the fourth in a series which is being organised by W. H. Smith and Son, the well-known booksellers, newsagents and stationers. A panel, under the chairmanship of Mr. Ivor Brown, the author, critic and former editor of the *Observer*, discussed "The Pleasures—and Dangers—of Reading." The members of the panel were Miss Marghanita Laski, author and critic; Mr. Jack Longland, Director of Education,

Dorothy, Mr. Robert Henriques, the novelist; Mr. J. Alan White, the Managing Director of Michael and Freiheit, of the Publishers Association; and Mr. Frank Singleton, author and editor of the *Booklovers' News*. The proceedings were recorded by the B.B.C., who have arranged a 30-minute broadcast on the Northern Regional, Midland Regional, Welsh and Northern Ireland stations (Home Service) at 5 p.m. on June 2. Previous Brains Trusts, held at Bolton School and Ripon Grammar

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

BRAINS TRUST ARRANGED BY A GREAT FIRM OF BOOKSELLERS AND RECORDED BY THE B.B.C.

School, were broadcast by the B.B.C. and proved most popular. In the invited audience at Repton School was our artist, Bryan de Grineau, whose impression of the scene is reproduced on these pages. The scene was held in Pears' School, one of Repton's Victorian Gothic buildings, which has a fine hammer-beam roof and glass portraying notable figures in the early history of Repton. The audience included masters and boys of Repton, masters and mistresses of nine other schools in the area,

LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU

the Bishop of Derby, the Director of Education, Burton-on-Trent, and local civic dignitaries and others. One of the questions, which were posed by boys from Repton, was: "Which author, or character from English literature, would the panel like to entertain in their homes?" The answers revealed a catholicity of tastes and included: Sydney Smith, John Buchan, Gulliver, Samuel Richardson and "Black Beauty." The next literary Brains Trust is to be held at Stonyhurst College, on July 1.

HILAIRE BELLOC—THE LIVING MAN RECAPTURED.

"HILAIRE BELLOC. A MEMOIR"; By J. B. MORTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BELLOC has been dead two years. About forty years ago a little book, by Edward Shanks and Creighton Mandell, was written about him as a man-of-letters: since then, so far as I am aware, nothing. Mr. Morton, who knew him from 1922 onwards, has now blazed the trail. He didn't know him before the '14 war, the opening months of which saw Belloc surmounting his financial struggle, faced with overwork as a writer and a lecturer, and stricken by the early death of his beloved wife, and the last month of which saw the disappearance of his able and loveable eldest son, Louis, in a raid over enemy territory. He knew only the ageing Belloc who, at sixty, said to me "Everybody's dead." But the ageing Belloc had his singing times. Mr. Morton sailed with him, stayed with him, sang with him, and travelled in France with him (where Belloc knew every village inn and its catering). Belloc comes vividly to life in these affectionate pages.

Mr. Morton says of something that he will leave it to "the biographers." They will doubtless come; and, as time passes, Belloc's vigorous activities as a religious and political controversialist may no longer be allowed to obscure his great achievements as historian, essayist, story-teller and writer of comic and serious verse. But it would be as well if somebody should get to work on a "Life" soon, or information about his youth and his prime may be hard to come by. The longer people live the less, as a rule, is known about their early life. We are far more familiar with the young Shelley, the young Keats and the young Byron than we are with the young Tennyson, even after the recent praiseworthy efforts of Tennyson's grandson, Sir Charles, to recover all that can be recorded. The reason is that they died young, and that, when they died, there were plenty of men alive who had been at school or college with them, who had worked or played or travelled with them, and who were willing and even eager to set down their memories of them. By the time that Tennyson died, at eighty-three, his contemporaries were almost all extinct, and those immediate juniors who remembered him in his brave youth would hardly have been allowed to contribute reminiscences to the official biography unless those reminiscences assisted the picture of a grave, sage, dedicated Laureate.

Belloc died two years ago, and he was eighty-three when he died: of shock, after being slightly burnt and falling on the floor, while mending a fire in that Sussex study which was hung with touching and comic records and relics. There may still be alive in France *vieux grognards*, old Generals and even corporals, who served in Belloc's Artillery battery (he visited it during the '14 war and stood it a drink) when he was doing his French military service, before going up to Oxford, and who may retain pictures of an odd young gunner who took a Marshal's interest in military dispositions and movements, was as strong as a horse, and sang songs, bold or sentimental, in a light tenor

voice. There may still be extant a few of his contemporaries at the Oratory or Balliol, in whose aged minds linger vestiges of his charm and of his resolution. There are certainly still a few men remaining who served with him in the House of Commons, and can remember his performances there: one (and I need scarcely mention his name) is still in the House of Commons; the others are in the Lords, either as Conservatives, or still pathetically retaining the label which Belloc, quite inappropriately, bore, when he was in the House and couldn't really agree with anybody, of Liberal. And I know there are still a few men-of-letters who knew Belloc as a man-of-letters (also as a mere man, of course) when he was young, and who could be drawn on (to put it vulgarly) before they also pass, in the aged Wordsworth's words about his vanished friends Coleridge and Lamb, "into the sunless land."

Let somebody get busy, and collect the records. I think I know who it ought to be: but the taxes press so heavily now that it is difficult for a man to dedicate himself for a couple of years or more to such a job as the life of one of the greatest men and artists of our time. A person who has a wife and children and feels he ought to play for safety is impelled, rather, to take a safe job under the Government and go around with an Armada of motor-cars telling born farmers how to farm. But if somebody does undertake the task I myself could contribute a few memories.

In writing of this portrait of Hilaire Belloc, Mr. J. B. Morton says: "In the earliest of his portraits of him, James Gunn has captured that vitality. Belloc is sitting back in a chair, but the grip of the right hand on the arm of the chair suggests that he will be on his feet in a minute. Anyone who knew him says, on looking at this portrait, 'How often I have seen him in exactly that attitude.' The left hand rests on his left knee, with the little finger bent back (it was injured by a boat-hook in his youth)."

This illustration is reproduced from the book "Hilaire Belloc. A Memoir"; by courtesy of the publishers, Hollis and Carter.



"THE STRONG FACE IS STAMPED WITH INTELLIGENCE, THOUGH HE IS AT REST, HIS WHOLE ATTITUDE IS COMBATIVE. THE SQUARE SHOULDERS AND THE HEAVY BODY PRODUCE AN IMPRESSION OF ENERGY AND POWER WHICH THE JAW AND THE SET OF THE LIPS CONFIRM": HILAIRE BELLOC FROM A PORTRAIT BY JAMES GUNN, A.R.A.

and Country, which caused consternation amongst all good people in Europe (to my certain knowledge) and never lost any educated person in this country a wink of sleep. But I do remember that he was so amusing and so unexpected that I laughed so much that it hurt, until I wanted him to stop: the only other time that that has happened to me was when, as a small boy, I first saw "Charley's Aunt."

Later I knew him a little. He became an M.P. in 1906 and made an amusing speech (perhaps his first) on one of these Licensing Bills, which were common at that time, some of the Liberal Party wishing to abolish the wicked Liquor Trade, which others patronized freely. He announced that he and "all my constituents" took a pint of beer each in the morning, a pint of beer at lunch, and a pint of beer in the evening: the House of Commons laughed, but it ruled him out as a possible Front Bencher. Later, he made a few more speeches, two of which I actually heard from the Gallery. One was a skit. Something was being discussed, and he said that it would doubtless be referred (as it probably was) to a Select Committee, and he recited out a list of names of persons who would be appointed to that Committee, representing the various sections of the House of Commons as it then was: as it might be Sir Marmaduke King, Sir Amos Boothroyd, Mr. Isaac Moses, and Mr. Tom Smith. The House still laughed. Then he delivered a long lecture on the lessons of the French Revolution. The House neither knew nor cared about it, and was bored anyhow, however eloquent (and he was eloquent) the speaker might be. He might, I suppose, had he been able to get rid of his split-personality to the extent of becoming a nominal Conservative, have remained in the House. But he never could have obtained office. He never could even have worked on a Committee. Committees, like the Party System, involve discussion, and discussion, where honest differences occur, must end in compromise. So far as his faith was concerned he was orthodox, humble and surrendered; in all other regards he was a recalcitrant non-conformist.

I first knew him well in 1912, and thereafter always. But even then he was forty-two. I had letters, but they have been burnt. His biographer will, at least, not have to bother much about letters for his "Life and Letters." It is possible that in early years he may have written long and revealing letters: but all I ever got from him were chits, laconic and decisive, in a military way, as to how things of his were to be printed, where and when I should meet him, or how an aubergine (referred to as he or him, "he" being first cut into slices) should be cooked.

I have many memories of him. Amongst others that of introducing him to Thomas Hardy. I had been sailing (about 1923) up the Channel with Belloc. We were weatherbound in West Bay by Bridport. I took a car to Dorchester to see Thomas Hardy, with whom I regularly stayed, and said I would like to bring Belloc to see him. "What," said he, "do you mean that Catholic journalist?" I said "Yes," and he agreed. I returned to the ship and told Belloc. "What," said he, "do you mean that atheist novelist?" I said "Yes" and he agreed. Hardy had probably never read anything of his junior Belloc's; Belloc had probably never set eyes on Hardy's Napoleonic masterpiece "The Dynasts." But when I got them

together I faded into the background and they, both passionate about history, got talking about a great legendary storm which, possibly in the early nineteenth century, had swept ships across the narrow isthmus which divides Portland Bill from the mainland.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 984 of this issue.



MR. J. B. MORTON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

AN ACQUISITION BY THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY.

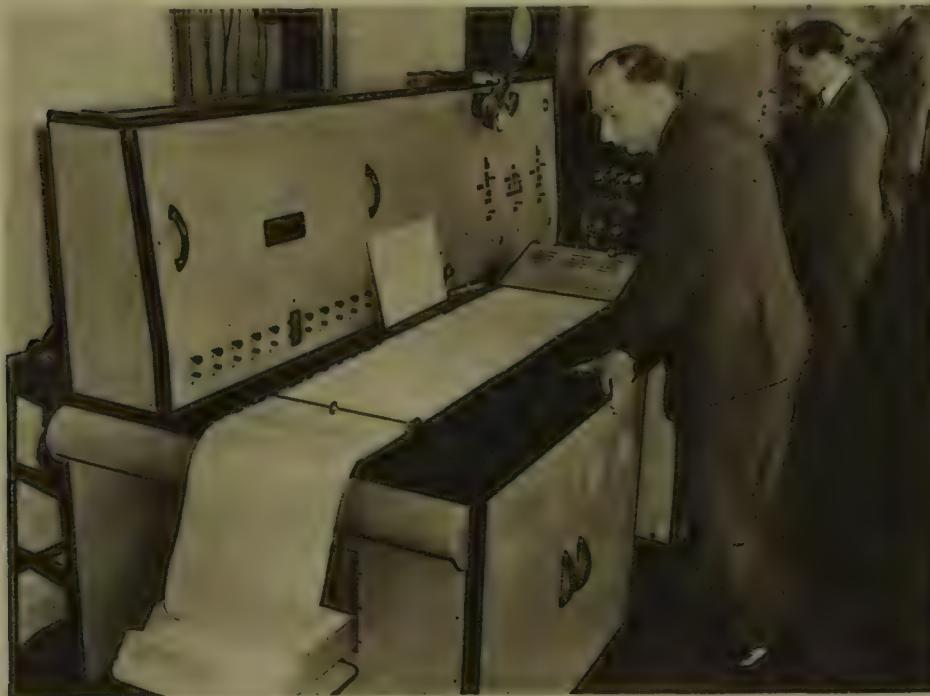


"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"; BY BONIFAZIO DI PITATI (1487-1553).

It was recently announced that the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery Committee had acquired an interesting Venetian painting, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by Bonifazio di Pitati. It was purchased for £2400 with a grant-in-aid of £1000 from the National Art Collections Fund. Although he cannot rank among the greatest of the Venetian Masters, Pitati was, during the first half of the sixteenth century, one of the most popular painters in his city, and produced many works for Venetian palaces and churches. His studio was large and much-frequented; and he trained many pupils there. The Birmingham "Adoration of the Shepherds" is a fine work which shows the influence of Titian and Giorgione, particularly in the pastoral landscape in the background. It is at present being cleaned, but will be placed on view in the Art Gallery during the course of the summer.

I first saw him in 1904 or 1905: he came to speak, as an Oxford man, at a Visitors' Debate at the Cambridge Union, he being an ex-President of the Oxford Union. What the alleged subject of the debate was I cannot remember: after all, we only wanted people to make amusing, or otherwise effective speeches: which was probably also true of the too-famous Oxford debate about not fighting for King

TESTING THE EFFECTS OF GRAVITATIONAL STRESSES EXPERIENCED BY PILOTS AT HIGH SPEEDS: THE NEW R.A.F. CENTRIFUGE.



REGISTERING THE SUBJECT'S PHYSICAL REACTIONS AS HE WHIRLS ROUND: A PEN RECORDER IN THE INSTRUMENT ROOM GIVES WATCHING PHYSICISTS A PICTURE OF BODILY CHANGES.



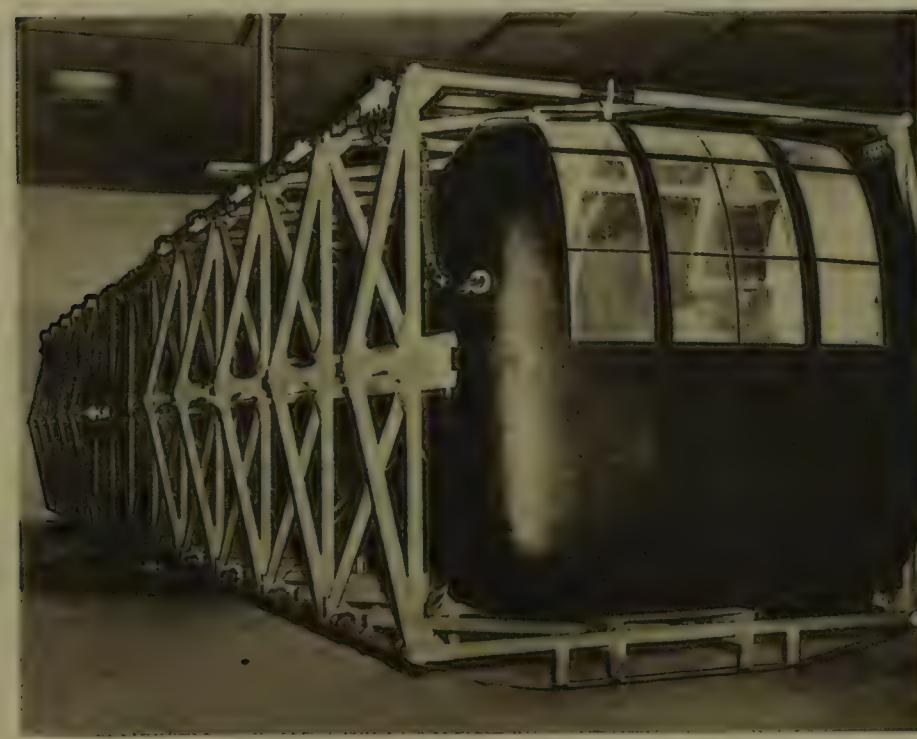
AT HIS DESK IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM, COMMANDING AN ARRAY OF INSTRUMENTS: THE CONTROLLER OF THE CENTRIFUGE, MR. R. G. WILLIAMS.



CONSISTING OF A 60-FT. ROTATING ARM, PIVOTED IN THE CENTRE, WITH A CAR AT EITHER END, THE CENTRIFUGE CAN ACHIEVE SPEEDS OF OVER 115 M.P.H.



GOVERNING THE SPEED AND ACCELERATION OF THE CENTRIFUGE: THE CAM CONTROL UNIT. NO HUMAN BODY COULD ENDURE ROTATION AT MAXIMUM SPEED.



WHERE THE SUBJECT SITS DURING THE EXPERIMENT: AN END VIEW OF THE CENTRIFUGE. IN AN EMERGENCY, THE SUBJECT CAN STOP THE MACHINE HIMSELF.

At the R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine at Farnborough, a machine presenting remarkable facilities for flying research was inaugurated by Lord Thurso, the wartime Secretary of State for Air, on May 17. Known as a centrifuge, the main purpose of the apparatus is to investigate the effects of the force of gravity (G) which causes pilots to "black-out" when changing direction at high speed. Costing £350,000, the centrifuge, said to be the most modern in Europe, consists essentially of a horizontal 60-ft. rotating arm, pivoted in the centre and carrying



THE SUBJECT, DRESSED IN HIS GRAVITY SUIT, WITH ELECTRODES ATTACHED TO HIS HEAD, WILL DESCRIBE HIS SENSATIONS WHEN THE MACHINE BEGINS TO ROTATE.

at each end a car weighing 1150 lb. At full speed, the cars are swung round at over 115 m.p.h., at which speed the centrifugal force equals thirty times gravity, but for humans a force of 15G is about as much as the body can stand, and that for only the space of a second. The physical reactions of the subject—pulse and respiration rates, blood pressure, etc.—are automatically recorded in another room by means of electrodes attached to his body, and he is also able to describe his somewhat alarming sensations to an observer sitting near the centre of the arm.

THE Russian-sponsored conference in Warsaw was effectively put on and impressive in its way. It did not "come over" to the Western world as well as certain demonstrations of the past, but its beams were, in general, directed rather upon the satellite States, now definitely including Eastern Germany. The simultaneous manifesto of the Soviet Prime Minister, Marshal Bulganin, overshadowed the conference itself from the Western point of view. The two were, however, closely linked, and the manifesto was, in fact, given the form of the opening speech of the conference. It was also accorded more prominence than the objects of the conference itself. These were the setting-up of a unified command in the East and the formation of something approximating, in appearance at least, to N.A.T.O. The business took a very short time, but, then, one can feel sure that everything was cut-and-dried by the time Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Molotov arrived in Warsaw on May 10.

It was an imaginative piece of diplomacy to hold the conference outside Russia. True, neither Western Europe nor the Governments of the satellites can have imagined that this made much difference, or that the satellites would be given more latitude because their delegates were not summoned to the Kremlin. But for the rank and file of the Communist Party in those countries, and most of all in Poland, it may well have appeared a friendly and liberal gesture. If it was to be held outside Russia, the conference could hardly have assembled elsewhere than in Warsaw. Poland is the strongest and the most vigorous of the satellites, the one which has in all probability caused Russia most anxiety in the past, but which is now most firmly under control. Militarily, Poland has the biggest army, and one better armed and equipped than the rest. It has been overhauled in the last couple of years, though it is far from being up to the Russian standard and may never reach that level.

Marshal Rokossovsky, a Pole himself in blood, is at once Minister of Defence and Commander-in-Chief. He was put there because the state of the country was not considered satisfactory, and though his main task has been the improvement of the armed forces—which, of course, includes their purging of doubtful elements—he is responsible for Polish loyalty on the broadest scale, and is the most powerful man in the Republic. Now he has been meeting again his old colleagues, Marshals Zhukov and Koniev—these three constituting the brightest stars of Russian military leadership during the Second World War. He was expected to become the Supreme Commander, though the choice has now fallen upon Marshal Koniev. The Russians were not prepared to go to the limit in tact to the Poles, but only the very simple could believe that control would have been exercised from elsewhere than Moscow.

The significance of the choice of Warsaw for the conference was wider than this. Poland borders Germany. Poland lost to Russia broad territories and was handed over in exchange purely German lands, from which she has ejected the inhabitants and which she has colonised with her own people. Poland has always felt a certain anxiety lest her ill-gotten gains should be taken back by a resurgent Germany. The prospect of the rearmament of the Federal Republic (Western Germany) might therefore be expected to be of particular interest to Poland, and to reconcile her to tighter control. It was notable that this aspect of the strategic situation was prominent at the conference. All satellite representatives got a chance to say their pieces, but the position of Poland was kept very much to the fore. The impression given was always that the main object of creating a unified command was to render null the designs of Western Germany. This clearly affected Poland most.

At the same time, attempts were made to give the impression that the Warsaw meeting was the result of a joint initiative. This was achieved only in part. In the world of to-day arrangements of this sort can never be said to arise spontaneously from the initiative of all concerned. It is always the stronger Powers which give the lead, even in groups where these exercise less control than is the case in Eastern Europe. Here, too, the satellite countries were already in such a position that they had to do as they were bidden, and were already bound to Russia by bilateral pacts, which are, presumably, replaced by the latest decisions. By May 14 all had been successfully concluded; the agreement had been signed; and Mr. Molotov was ready to set out for another meeting, of a very different kind, at Vienna. It would appear that the chief results will be, first, a closer supervision of all the satellite forces, as close as that in Poland during the last couple of years, and greater uniformity in doctrine and training.

Marshal Bulganin told the conference that Soviet foreign policy embraced the Leninist principle of the coexistence of different social systems. Through this principle the Soviet Government hoped to save the world from war. But it had to take account of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

RUSSIAN POLICY IN EAST AND WEST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the signature and ratification of the Paris Agreements. As a result, Germans in search of revenge had been enabled to create a new Army and equip it with the most deadly instruments of war, including atomic and bacteriological weapons. Western Germany, with the aid of the United States, Britain and France, had been turned into the chief hothouse in which the peril of war was being forced. And this rebirth of German militarism was being accompanied by greater activity

THANKSGIVING FOR AUSTRIAN INDEPENDENCE.



GREETING THE AUSTRIAN FEDERAL PRESIDENT AFTER A THANKSGIVING MASS IN ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA, TO CELEBRATE THE SIGNING OF THE AUSTRIAN STATE TREATY: CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP INNITZER (EXTREME LEFT) WITH DR. KOERNER. TO THE RIGHT OF THE FEDERAL PRESIDENT ARE THE CHANCELLOR, HERR RAAB, AND (EXTREME RIGHT) THE PRESIDENT OF THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT, HERR HURDES.



SHOWING THE SIGNATURES OF SOME OF THE SIGNATORIES TO THE TREATY: FROM THE TOP, V. MOLOTOV, SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER; I. ILYCHEV, SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRIA; HAROLD MACMILLAN, BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, AND SIR GEOFFREY WALLINGER, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRIA. A quieter ceremony than most of those which followed the signing of the Austrian State Treaty was that of the Thanksgiving Mass in the ancient Cathedral of St. Stephen's, Vienna, attended by Austrian Government officials headed by Herr Raab, the Chancellor; the Federal President, Dr. Koerner; and the President of the Austrian Parliament, Herr Hurdes. At the heart of Austria's celebrating is a green, leather-bound manuscript containing the signatures of a few statesmen, among them those of the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Molotov. The Treaty volume was bound by the same firm of bookbinders which bound the Treaties of the Congress of Vienna, in 1815.

of the forces of aggression all over the world. The Soviet Government was ready to contribute heartily to the reunion of Germany and to the conclusion of a peace treaty.

It proposed the immediate withdrawal by itself and the Western occupying Powers of all forces from German soil. It was also of opinion that all States which were members of the Security Council should agree to withdraw their military bases from foreign territories in every part of the world. It considered that the best means to preserve European peace would be to organise a system of collective security of all European States, without regard to their social

order, and that, though the ratification of the Paris Agreements had made this more difficult, it had not made it impossible. As regards atomic weapons, which depended on the power to deliver them, the Soviet control proposals were based on the creation of conditions under which aggressive intentions in any quarter might be discovered and put a stop to in good time. Marshal

Bulganin held up the Russian position with respect to Austria as an example of the broad-mindedness and sincerity of his Government, and hinted that a united Germany might like to follow Austria into neutrality.

He spoke of the Note from the United States, Britain and France, received on the previous day, proposing a conference of the Heads of Governments of the Four Powers, with the participation of the Foreign Ministers. He made oblique and ironic reference to the pressure from the mass of the people which had encouraged the approach, but then discussed the project in much milder terms than have been customary.

He said that the attitude of the Soviet Government to it was "positive," that such a conference should certainly be called, provided that it held out prospects of lessening tension and improving international relations. At least this section of the oration was one of the most statesmanlike of any pronouncements made by Soviet leaders in recent years. That the Soviet Government does desire to ease tension there can be hardly a doubt. But the old question still remains to be answered: "For what, and for how long?"

Some passages may be described as thinking aloud, or at least as putting out ideas and theories which will be more fully aired at a Four-Power Conference and perhaps in the United Nations Sub-Committee on Disarmament, if this can be stirred into renewed activity. The abolition of all bases on foreign soil is an old warhorse. The N.A.T.O. Powers have no bases on foreign soil except where they are wanted. Denmark, for example, preferred not to have air bases in her territory, and she remains without them. On the other hand, Russia is prepared to use foreign territories, especially that of Poland, for this purpose. The establishment of N.A.T.O. bases has not been

undertaken light-heartedly. It has been done in desperate necessity. The argument that it is the cause of the danger in which the world lies is absurd. It is a measure taken to meet that peril. To abolish bases without taking other measures at the same time would be to leave the West as defenceless as it was shortly after the Second World War.

Still, though it is not easy to call the chances of disarmament good, they can be said to have improved. A measure of disarmament might transform other schemes, such as abolition of thermo-nuclear weapons and the dismantling of bases on foreign territories, making them promising instead of a deadly danger. The truth is that the Soviet Union, and its allies and satellites, have at their disposal man-power which the free nations cannot match. If, therefore, there are to be measures to limit the chances of war, one of them must be a reduction in the size of Communist armies. These are great assets. If the free nations are to abandon some of their assets, such as their strength in the oceans and the willingness of small countries in fear of Russia to lend them valuable bases, the Communists must make a contribution, too, by discarding from their strength. To go to a conference without regard to this factor would be pure folly. So far the experiences of the Sub-Committee on Disarmament have been unpromising, but it is possible there will now be a revival.

After making all the usual reservations about our inability to follow what is in the minds of the men of the Kremlin, we can say to-day that at no time for seven years has the Soviet Government shown stronger signs of a desire to ease international relations. Moreover, though its last pronouncement has the inconstancy characteristic of Communist thought, its vituperation is mild by comparison with most of its predecessors. At the same time, the provisions of the Austrian Treaty are promising. It may be argued that Soviet moderation has good propagandist value, but it is only fair to say that it seems to amount to more than this. The fact that Russia gave way over the terms on which property held by her is to be restored, over methods of persuading refugees to return, and over the limitation of the strength of the Austrian armed forces, is significant, however one looks at it.

The Four-Power Conference looks even better worth while than when the proposal was made, though this was only a matter of days before the conclusion of the Warsaw Conference. Provided we enter upon it fully prepared and without illusions, there is nothing to be lost in it. There may be something to be gained. The most serious risk, and it is a real one, is that of the peoples at large treating it too emotionally and becoming impatient with the caution which their Governments and representatives will be compelled to observe. The consequences of sentimentalism might be calamitous.

A NEW WEAPON FOR THE ROYAL ARTILLERY: THE CORPORAL, A U.S. ATOMIC GUIDED MISSILE.



THE AMERICAN GROUND-TO-GROUND GUIDED MISSILE, IN WHICH THE ROYAL ARTILLERY ARE BEING TRAINED: THE *CORPORAL*, SEEN ON ITS TACTICAL TRANSPORTER-ERECTOR.



LIFTING A *CORPORAL* TO THE ERECT POSITION FROM WHICH IT IS FIRED: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE WHITE SANDS PROVING GROUND, NEW MEXICO.



AFTER RAISING THE *CORPORAL* TO ITS FIRING POSITION, THE ERECTOR ARM IS MOVED AWAY: TAKEN IN GERMANY, WHERE A U.S. BATTALION IS EQUIPPED WITH THE MISSILES.

It was announced on May 18 that a small party of British officers and N.C.O. instructors would leave for the United States during June for a six-months course of instruction in the *Corporal* Mark II. ground-to-ground guided missile, the course starting on July 1. A second course is to begin next January. On return, the British instructors will train Royal Artillery units, which are to be formed next year, to operate the missile. The *Corporal* is an American ground-to-ground guided missile, with a range of over 50 miles and can be fitted with an atomic or conventional explosive warhead—although it is now usually assumed that an atomic warhead would be generally used. Such an atomic warhead alone would cost



A *CORPORAL* ON ITS FIRING PLATFORM. STANDING BESIDE IT ARE (L. TO R.) MR. H. S. FIRESTONE AND MR. L. K. FIRESTONE, OF THE FIRESTONE TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, WHICH MANUFACTURES THESE GUIDED MISSILES.

more than £500,000; and this, and the missile itself, would approach the cost of a modern bomber. As against that, however, a guided missile infallibly hits its target; and it would seem probable that an atomic warhead would infallibly destroy that target. The advantages of the guided missile over the atomic shell are: the greater range, 50 miles against 20; and the larger warhead possible. The formation of new Royal Artillery units to operate ground-to-ground missiles would suggest that they will also operate ground-to-air missiles in forward areas in the future. A battalion of the U.S. Seventh Army (which also has howitzers firing atomic shells), in Germany, is already equipped with *Corporals*.

RECENT ACTIVITIES OF OUR ROYAL FAMILY,
HAPPY ASSOCIATION WITH THE COUNTRY'S LIFE,



[RIGHT] NAMING AND LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT "GREATER LONDON II". CIVIL SERVICE 30 AT SOUTHEND ON SEA. H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent on May 17 named and launched the new life-boat "Greater London II", Civil Service 30 at Southend-on-Sea. On May 10 the life-boat made her first trip and went to the aid of the yacht "Stormsure", which was in trouble three miles off Southend pier on the return leg of their world cruise. Mr. Moore, the skipper, and Mr. Townsend, who were on board, were taken off safely.

[TOP] THE NEW SOUTH LONDON LIFE-BOAT ENTERING THE WATER. THE GREATER LONDON II, CIVIL SERVICE 30, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED ON MAY 17 BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



[RIGHT] WATCHING THE EUROPEAN HORSE TRIALS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK FROM THE ROYAL BOX. [L. TO R.] THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS ANNE.

The Queen and other members of the Royal Family watched the European Horse Trials in Windsor Great Park on May 18, 19, 20 and 21 in Windsor Great Park. The Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal also attended, and the King and Queen of the Netherlands joined the Royal Family at the trials. After the dressage on the first day, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Royal rode on horseback to inspect the jumps for the showjumping phase fixed for May 21.



A ROYAL RIDING PARTY IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEADING (RIGHT), WITH, AT THE REAR, PRINCESS MARGARET AND, IN THE CENTRE, LADY PAMELA MOUNTBATTEN, ON THEIR WAY TO INSPECT JUMPS FOR THE EUROPEAN HORSE TRIALS.

WHICH ILLUSTRATE THEIR CLOSE AND
AND THE SWEDISH ROYAL VISITORS.



THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH STUDENTS OF ANATOMY, AT DUNDEE MILLE COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION. ON MAY 14, after naming the "Greater London II", she had dinner at the Dundee Mills College of Physical Education, Dundee, on the occasion of its opening, after which there was a highly decorated students' dinner.



[ABOVE] THE PRINCESS OF THE DAN BROTHERS FILM AS AID TO THE ROYAL SWEDISH ASSOCIATION AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, ON MAY 16. PRINCESS MARGARET WITH LORD TENTER.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN DINING AT GREENWICH: [L. TO R., BEGINNING SECOND FROM LEFT] THE SWEDISH AMBASSADOR; LADY MOUNTBATTEN; MR. THOMAS, FIRST SEA LORD; QUEEN LOUISE; ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN; FIRST SEA LORD; AND MADAME HAGGLOF, WIFE OF THE SWEDISH AMBASSADOR. The King and Queen of Sweden arrived in London on May 16 for a private visit, and are due to remain until June 2. On May 18 they drove from their hotel to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where they were entertained to dinner by the Board of Admiralty in the Painted Hall. In his speech, the King of Sweden, an Honorary Admiral of the Royal Navy, said: "I am deeply grateful to the British and Swedish Navies. Admiral Earl Mountbatten, First Sea Lord, is the brother of Queen Louise."



THE SWEDISH ROYAL VISITORS AT GREENWICH: [L. TO R.] QUEEN LOUISE; MR. THOMAS, FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY; LADY MOUNTBATTEN; ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN, FIRST SEA LORD, BROTHER OF THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN, AND KING GUSTAV ADOLF.

[TOP] QUEEN LOUISE AND HER BROTHER, THE DUKE OF GALT, SWEDISH CROWN PRINCE, AT THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY OF THE CHARTER OF INCORPORATION TO UXBOROUGH VILLAGE DISTRICT COUNCIL. On May 18 the Duchess of Kent presented the Charter of Incorporation of the new Borough to Uxborough Urban District Council. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by her elder son, the Duke of Kent, and her only daughter, Princess Alexandra of Kent.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CHELSEA: LOOKING BACK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

AMONG gardeners and flower-lovers in this country, the word "Chelsea" means one thing, and one only—the great R.H.S. Flower Show

in the Chelsea Hospital gardens. Among London taxi-drivers, too, for three or four days in late May, when the Show is on, the request "Chelsea" is at once understood. In fact, it has even been said that many of them can spot the approach of a Chelsea addict up from the country, and anticipate the request "Chelsea" by enquiring: "Chelsea—which entrance? Embankment or Sloane Street?", with absolute certainty.

If any proof were needed that we are a nation of gardeners and flower-lovers—it isn't, of course—Chelsea would clinch the matter. As a flower show, a pageant of floral beauty, and an exhibition of superb cultivation, it has no rival in all the world. The nearest approach must be the great spring shows in New York and Boston. I have visited both, and was astonished and enchanted by what I saw. But those shows are under cover, in huge buildings, whereas Chelsea is part in the open air and part under canvas. In fact, they are so different in innumerable ways that one can not fairly or usefully compare them.

If the vast crowds which flock to the Chelsea Show prove that we are a nation of garden- and flower-lovers, they show, too, that we are a nation of horticultural heroes. They go to Chelsea, no matter what the weather. There may be grilling heat, Arctic cold or floods of icy rain, but still they come, and doubtless always will, and often in the tents and near the more popular outdoor exhibits, especially the rock gardens, the crowd is so dense that progress is restricted to short steps, and half-steps, at long intervals.

The trouble is that Chelsea is too big for its boots. But let me hasten to explain. I don't mean that in the usual unpleasant sense of the term. Chelsea is like a healthy, hearty, delightful child whose parents have always done their best by it in the matter of footwear, but who has grown at such a pace that even boots a size or two too large are immediately a size or two too small. It has been like that ever since I can remember the Show, and my memories go back some fifty-four or -five years to the old pre-Chelsea days when the R.H.S. Spring Shows were held in the Temple Gardens. There the crowds were just as dense, and the ventilation in the tents far less efficient, than they are to-day at Chelsea. It would seem, therefore, that Chelsea, even in its earlier Temple manifestation, was born too big for its boots.

There are certain flowers which I always associate with Chelsea, and its predecessor, the Temple. One is the old Malmaison carnation. For a number of years the firm of Cutbush put up a delightful group in which the principal features were a sea of the lovely, clear, soft, golden arum lily, *Richardia elliotiana* (no relation) and a sea of the Malmaison carnations, with their huge blossoms, twice the size of our modern perpetuals, clover-scented and of a clear cherry-red—or pink. For long after the Cutbush era a single Malmaison made its annual appearance at Chelsea in the buttonhole of the Society's president, the late Lord Lambourne. But later, after the death of his

wife, he always wore a sprig of rosemary. Who grows the Malmaison carnations to-day? Very, very few. But the time must surely be almost ripe for someone to "discover" them, a discovery to be followed by a vogue.

Another plant which for me has always held intimate Chelsea associations is *Androsace arachnoidea superba*—associations dating back to one of the first rock-garden exhibits that I ever put up at the Temple, about 1910. About a week before the Show, my then manager, Cecil Davies, and I were in despair. We had asked for, and been allotted, a space on benching in the open about 10 or 12 ft. by 4, and we seemed to have nothing worth mentioning that could be in flower on time. I decided therefore to visit Messrs. Thompson and Morgan's nursery at Ipswich, and see if they had any flowering Alpines that would help me out. By making an early start and returning after midnight I managed to do the trip in the day. And I brought back with me one solitary Alpine plant which I did not exhibit at the Temple.

an outstanding nightmare. I had decided that year to put up a rather more than usually ambitious (for me) rock garden. My idea was to have a high waterfall, tumbling into a narrow channel bounded by perpendicular cliffs rising out of the water. The narrow, cliff-girt channel was to open out into a wide, rocky pool, surrounded by low rock-work full of sun-loving Alpines. Thus the public would look across the wide pool and so down the narrow gorge with the cascade at its further end. With all this in view, I ordered a couple of truck-loads of the beautiful Yorkshire water-worn limestone, mostly in large, heavy pieces. Frank Barker and I went up and prepared the ground, and had the pool dug out.

Then down clamped the General Strike. Our rock had arrived by rail at Chelsea Basin, but there was no transport, and anyway, the entrance to the rail siding was heavily picketed. We decided to concrete the pool just in case the rock should be released in time, and sent round to our usual builders' material

merchants for cement—bags and bags of cement—for the necessary concrete. Our request was greeted with derision. There was a General Strike on! All we could do was to wait and chafe and gossip and watch the sinister sight of armoured cars—or were they tanks?—rumbling along the Embankment. Then came a surprise. Two labourers arrived with a hand-cart loaded with all the cement we had asked for—and the bill. How gladly we paid for that cement, and how gladly we transformed it into concrete and so into a sheet of ornamental water.

It was not until much later that we found we had been the innocent receivers of stolen goods. Those labourers had heard our request—our futile request—for cement, had quietly abstracted a bill-head from their firm's office, and sallying forth with one of the firm's hand-carts, had gone to a dump of sacks of cement tarpaulined down in a near-by street for the duration of the strike, coolly loaded complete with bill.

Then came news that the strike was over, and we could go and get our rock. At the railway yard gates there were still pickets, but we got in without obstruction and found our rock. It was too heavy, however, to man-handle out of the railway trucks into our lorry. A crane was necessary. The nearest crane was out of reach, and our trucks of rock too heavy for our team of three to push within reach of the crane. Eventually we found that the crane's cable just reached the nearest of our trucks. We hooked it on, but still it was beyond our combined strength, until a bunch of strikers arrived upon the scene, and told us "You can't do that there 'ere." In the end I persuaded them that we could do that there 'ere—with their help—and with their help we strained the crane with an unwonted sideways haul, until it very nearly came up by the roots. And so we got our rock, finished our exhibit just in time, and more or less as I had planned, and were rewarded with a nice silver cup. Under the circumstances, I swear it ought to have been gold. However, it makes a useful receptacle for cornflakes on the sideboard, and a pleasant souvenir of one of the most momentous, nightmarish, and at the same time amusing, Chelsea Shows on record.



THE "CHELSEA" OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: "EXHIBITION OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT GORE-HOUSE, KENSINGTON" —REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MAY 19, 1855.

"The first of the summer exhibitions of this society for the season was held on Wednesday, in the beautiful gardens attached to Gore-house, Kensington, which had been kindly granted to them by her Majesty's Commissioners—it having been found that, of late years, the May meetings at Chiswick have not proved so attractive as they would otherwise have been, owing to the weather not being of that genial nature as to invite a visit to so great a distance from town. Her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Princess Hohenlohe, and a numerous suite, visited the exhibition as early as half-past ten in the morning, and the distinguished party appeared much pleased with the whole of the arrangements and the floral and other beauties presented to their view—the fruits and flowers being arranged in two extensive marques supplied by Mr. Benjamin Edgington, of London-bridge. . . . Among the attractions of the exhibition was a new Rhododendron (*Rhododendron jasminiflorum*), exhibited by Mr. Veitch, of the Exotic Nursery, Chelsea. . . . This new Rhododendron is a native of Mount Ophir, in the Straits of Malacca, where it was discovered by Mr. Veitch's indefatigable collector, Mr. Thomas Lobb, growing at an elevation of 5000 ft."

Six years after this extract was first published, in 1861, the Horticultural Society became the Royal Horticultural Society. The scene of the exhibition—Gore House, Kensington, later provided the site of the Royal Albert Hall.

Not that year. But the following year I showed it, and I dare swear that it has made its appearance at every Temple and Chelsea since then. Messrs. Thompson and Morgan were able to show me a nice selection of Alpines, but nothing that I had not got at home, with the exception of the one plant. In one of the frames was a batch of *Androsace arachnoidea*, nice little plants in small pots, and among them was one individual specimen which seemed to be rather sturdier than the others, and with decidedly larger flowers. That one plant I bought for a shilling or two, and as *Androsace arachnoidea superba* it prospered and became the parent of the many thousands of plants which have since been distributed from all the leading Alpine nurseries all over the country. In spite of its rosettes of silvery leaves, this little *Androsace* is easy to grow on scree soil, and is ideal for the sink rock garden, with its heads of flowers like huge, milk-white forget-me-nots.

In the end Davies and I found plenty of flowering Alpines for that ridiculous little table rock exhibit, but the tedious journey to Ipswich was far from fruitless. Putting up rock-garden exhibits at Chelsea was always an anxious, worrying business, but the Chelsea of 1926, the year of the General Strike, was





THE WORLD'S LARGEST TENT: "CHELSEA, 1955,"—WHICH "AS A FLOWER SHOW, A PAGEANT OF FLORAL BEAUTY, AND AN EXHIBITION OF SUPERB CULTIVATION, HAS NO RIVAL IN THE WORLD."

This aerial photograph of the 1955 "Chelsea"—the enormous marquee erected on the lawns in front of Sir Christopher Wren's Chelsea Hospital to house the exhibits of the great annual Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society—makes a pleasing and interesting contrast to the engraving on the opposite page, which shows the marquee erected for the show staged by the Horticultural Society in the Gore House gardens at Kensington 100 years ago. Mr. Elliott, who recalls Chelseas of the past and who has known Chelsea and its Temple predecessor for some fifty-four or -five years, says without qualification: "As a flower show, a

pageant of floral beauty, and an exhibition of superb cultivation, it has no rival in all the world." The great tent, which is believed to be the largest in the world, covers three-and-a-half acres, and this year's exhibition was expected to be the most colourful since the war. The badness of the season, paradoxically enough, was expected to help in extending the range of flowers available, since it is always easier to bring plants on than to hold them back. The show opened to the Fellows on the afternoon of May 24 and to the general public on the afternoon of May 25, the show finally closing at 5 p.m. on Friday, May 27.

Aerial photograph by Aerofilms.



MID-MAY IN YORKSHIRE: A PATH BEING CUT THROUGH SNOWDRIFTS AT THE ISLE OF SKYE HOTEL ON THE HOLMFIRTH-GREENFIELD ROAD.



ON A SNOW-BLOCKED ROAD IN THE PENNINES: A WOMAN POLICE CONSTABLE ASSISTING A LORRY DRIVER TO REVERSE OUT OF TROUBLE ON THE GLOSSOP-SHEFFIELD ROAD.

EVEN the increasing momentum of the election campaign did little to warm-up the atmosphere in Britain in mid-May, when a cold spell brought snow and blizzards to many parts of the country. As people shivered, or huddled over fires which they had hoped not to have to light again before the autumn, they refused to believe that this was just "weather" and some sought for more "atomic" causes. On May 17, just five weeks before Mid-Summer Day, there were severe snowstorms and heavy rain in many parts of Britain, and late at night the snow reached the outskirts of London, even extending as far as Camden Town, three miles from Charing Cross. There was sleet on the south coast in the Bournemouth area, and in the north the Peak District had its worst weather for the time of year for at least seventy years. The Snake Pass at Glossop, Derbyshire, was blocked by heavy snow and snow-ploughs, which were sent to clear the roads, were stopped by further heavy snowfalls. Sheffield had its coldest May afternoon since weather records were first compiled in 1883. A blizzard reduced visibility to 50 yards in parts of Exmoor and there was snow in South Wales. To add to the joys of the May weather there were gale-force winds and on May 15 snow and hail fell during a thunderstorm at Folkestone.



LIKE A FINE ETCHING: THE SCENE ON THE MAIN ROAD FROM YORKSHIRE TO LANCASHIRE AT STANDEdge WHEN WINTER RETURNED IN MAY AND BROUGHT SNOW TO MANY PARTS OF BRITAIN.



WHERE MOTORISTS HAD TO ABANDON THEIR CARS, AND SNOW-PLoughS WERE SENT TO CLEAR THE ROAD: A SCENE ON THE MANCHESTER-SHEFFIELD ROAD.



CLEARING A SNOWDRIFT ON THE MANCHESTER-PENISTONE ROAD: MEN AT WORK AT BORED HILL ON A MID-MAY MORNING.

JUST OVER A MONTH BEFORE MID-SUMMER DAY: BRITAIN IN A WINTRY MANTLE OF MID-MAY SNOW.



THE HASTY STRIKE!—A REMARKABLE COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH OF A BROOK TROUT LEAPING FROM THE WATER AFTER THE FLY AND AUTOMATICALLY PHOTOGRAPHING ITSELF.

The Brook, or Speckled Trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), is one of the most beautiful, active and widely distributed of the American trout. It was introduced into waters on the European continent at the end of the last century, and has also been introduced in British streams. In Pennsylvania, where this photograph was taken by Mr. W. T.

Davidson with the aid of a light beam or electronic eye, the rearing and stocking of the Brook Trout is a million-dollar industry financed by the income from the sale of fishing licences. Over two million trout are stocked annually in this State for the benefit of thousands of anglers who fish the mountain streams.



A GOLDEN-SPINED MAMMILLARIA, *M. PINOSISSIMA*, WITH A CORONET OF WINE-COLOURED BLOSSOMS. NO MORE FLOWERS WILL APPEAR AT THIS POINT, THE RING MOVING UP THE NEXT YEAR AND KEEPING PACE WITH NEW GROWTH.



A SMALL CACTUS WITH FLOWERS OF RELATIVELY LARGE SIZE: *NOTOCACTUS HEZELBERGII*. AN UNUSUAL FEATURE OF THIS PLANT IS THAT THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS REMAIN OPEN FOR ABOUT THREE WEEKS.



A WELL-SPINED, LEMON-FLOWERED PLANT, SUITABLE FOR EXHIBITION: *MAMMILLARIA MITOCHELIOPSIS*, WHICH IS SO NAMED BECAUSE EACH GROUP OF SPINES RESEMBLES A LITTLE RAYED SUN.



A CLASSICALLY-SHAPED MAMMILLARIA WHICH RARELY MAKES OFFSETS: *M. OREOCARPA*. MAMMILLARIAS ARE SO NAMED FROM THE MAMMÆ OR NIPPLES WITH WHICH THEY ARE ENTIRELY COVERED.



A PLANT WHICH CARRIED OVER A THOUSAND FLOWERS IN 1884: *MAMMILLARIA HUASTECAE*, WHOSE POWDER-PUFF-LIKE DOWN CONCEALS NUMBERS OF STRONGLY-HOOKED RED SPINES, A TRAP FOR THE UNWARY.



COVERED WITH YELLOW FLOWERS AND THE HAWK-LIKE RED FRUITS OF THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S CROP: *MAMMILLARIA PROLIFERA*, A GROUP-FORMING PLANT WHICH FLOWERS VERY FREELY.



ANOTHER PLANT WHICH CARRIES THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S FRUITS AMONG THE CURRENT YEAR'S FLOWERS: *MAMMILLARIA MULTIFLORA TEXENSIS MAJOR*, A COMMON SPECIES, BUT A VERY ATTRACTIVE ONE.



A POPULAR DENIZEN OF COTTAGE WINDOWS WHERE IT FLOWERS VERY CHEERFULLY: THE RAT-TAIL CACTUS, *APOROCACTUS FLAGELLIFORMIS*, WHICH GROWS VERY FREELY AND MAKES AN ATTRACTIVE HANGING PLANT.

NATURE IMITATING THE GEM-LIKE BRILLIANCE OF A FABERGE FANTASY: THE GROTESQUE ELEGANCE OF FLOWERING CACTI, FROM AN AMATEUR'S GREENHOUSE WITHIN FOURTEEN MILES OF MARBLE ARCH.

Despite the readiness with which they have made themselves at home in Australia and in the Mediterranean basin, and, for that matter, in the greenhouses and window-sills of this country—cacti are all New World plants; and in the South-West United States and Mexico many species grow to a height of 10 ft., while the columnar species, such as *Columnaria gigantea* can rise to 50 ft. in Arizona, and in Masiro *Polycephalus pergriseus* reaches even vaster proportions, while the Barrel Cacti (*Ferocactus*) in the American South-West reach a height of 8 ft. and a diameter of 2 ft., with flowers 3 ins. across. Here, however, we are concerned with those small species which are convenient to the small flat or the amateur's greenhouse, and which even so can charm and astonish us with the brilliance, style and relative profusion of their blossoms. The examples shown here were all grown in a greenhouse within fourteen miles of Marble Arch, and their raiser, Mr. Arthur Boardman, writes: "Cacti are easily raised from seed, and flower freely when they are ripe. All cacti should flower every year once they reach flowering size. Some of the larger-growing types may take many years to reach maturity, but there are many hundreds of cacti which will flower as small plants. I have flowered many Mammillarias the year following the sowing of the seed. I am of the opinion that the large number of flowers produced annually by my

amateur's greenhouse, and which even so can charm and astonish us with the brilliance, style and relative profusion of their blossoms. The examples shown here were all grown in a greenhouse within fourteen miles of Marble Arch, and their raiser, Mr. Arthur Boardman, writes: "Cacti are easily raised from seed, and flower freely when they are ripe. All cacti should flower every year once they reach flowering size. Some of the larger-growing types may take many years to reach maturity, but there are many hundreds of cacti which will flower as small plants. I have flowered many Mammillarias the year following the sowing of the seed. I am of the opinion that the large number of flowers produced annually by my

plants is largely due to the fact that the great majority of any collection has been raised from seed by me, and so the plants have known no other growing conditions. I sow the seed in February in an Innes Seed Compost, sieving a little so that the fine goes on the top with the coarse above the crock. I use 4-in. half-pots, which can have the surface divided if necessary by using celluloid labels. The seeds must not be buried, but larger ones can have a slight covering with small stones about an eighth-of-an-inch in diameter. The pot is given a good soaking and a piece of glass is placed over it to conserve the moisture. The pots must be kept shaded from full sun, but some light is necessary once the seeds are up. The glass must be

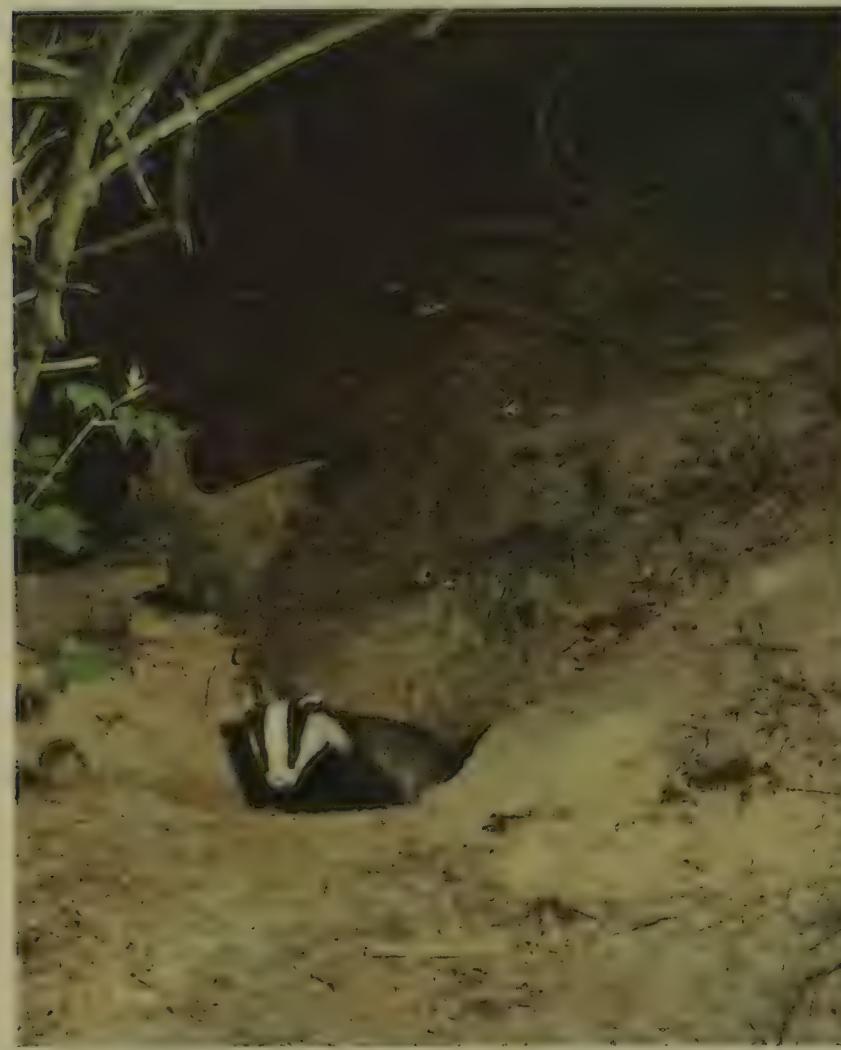
raised a little once the seedlings are up and water should be given with care. The seedlings can be pricked out about an inch apart when four months old. The best mixture is the above compost, to each bushel of which has been added 1½ oz. of hoof and horn grit and 1 oz. sulphate of potash. The plants soon make good growth and can be introduced to full sun when the surfaces are well covered with a thin layer of coarse sand. They will bear down, and many more types can be flowered in a couple of years. Most of my 300 different Mammillarias flower every year. Few plants are more suitable for cultivation in comparatively small pots and I still have the first plant I started my collection with forty-nine years ago."



THE SOW BADGER GOING OFF IN THE DUSK TO FEED : BEHIND HER IS THE LARGE MOUND OF EARTH EXCAVATED DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BRACKEN-LINED SET. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN LATE SUMMER, SHORTLY AFTER HER MATING.



THE CUBS ARE BORN, AND THE FAMILY MOVES IN WITH ITS NEIGHBOURS. THE SIXTH BADGER HAS JUST ITS HEAD SHOWING AT THE MOUTH OF THE SET. THE EARTH OUTSIDE IS BEATEN FLAT BY THE NOW ACTIVE AND PLAYFUL CUBS.



THE BOAR EMERGING. HE HAS A BROADER HEAD THAN THE SOW, WITH WHOM HE LIVES FOR MOST OF THE YEAR. WHEN THE CUBS ARE BORN (USUALLY IN FEBRUARY) HE IS BANISHED TEMPORARILY TO ANOTHER PART OF THE SET.



TWO OF THE CUBS AT NINE TO TEN WEEKS. BLIND FOR SEVERAL WEEKS FROM BIRTH, THEY GROW QUICKLY, AND FINALLY VENTURE TIMIDLY INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, ENCOURAGED BY THEIR MOTHER'S REASSURING PURRS FROM BELOW.

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF THE BADGER: A UNIQUE COLOUR RECORD OF A QUANTOCK FAMILY.

It is common knowledge that the badger is an uncommonly difficult animal to photograph. Rarely appearing except at night, reluctant to emerge frequently in the winter months, intensely shy of human society at all times, he presents acute problems to even the expert nature photographer. We are particularly pleased, therefore, to reproduce the unique series of night photographs taken by Mr. E. G. Neal, M.Sc., illustrating the growth and behaviour of a badger family during the course of a year. Using a Zeiss camera with Ektachrome $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ cut film, he set his stop at F/8 or F/5·6, according to the distance, which varied from 10 to 15 ft. Lighting was provided by yellow-coated PF60 flash bulbs with

an open flash. During the twelve-month period, the boar and sow badgers, living in a set in the Quantock Hills, Somerset, produced four cubs, blind for several weeks after birth, and nervous when first appearing above ground, when the sow often encouraged them from below by making low purring sounds, occasionally lying over the set entrance while the cubs clambered about her. The earth outside was soon trampled flat in their play. At the set under observation, there were two families living together, one family having moved in with its neighbours soon after the four cubs were born because of some disturbance at its own set ; the result was a remarkable picture of no fewer than six migratory badgers.

LIGHT ON THE EARLIEST GREEK CULTURE: DELICATE IVORIES, TABLETS RECORDING STORES, AND FUNCTIONAL POTTERY FROM MYCENÆ.



FIG. 1. BOARS' TOOTH HELMETS WITH CHEEK-PIECES AND PLUMES: IVORY MINIATURES, MADE, IT SEEMS, TO DECORATE A MYCENÆAN CASKET.



FIG. 2. SOME OF THE SMALL BARS OF IVORY, TENONED AND SOCKETED, AND USED AS DECORATION. ALL CARRY THE MYCENÆAN TRIGLYPH MOTIF.



FIG. 3. MINIATURE IVORY COLUMNS AND CAPITALS, SOCKETED AND TENONED AND MARKED FOR SETTING OUT—MADE TO ADORN SMALL FURNISHINGS LIKE CASKETS.

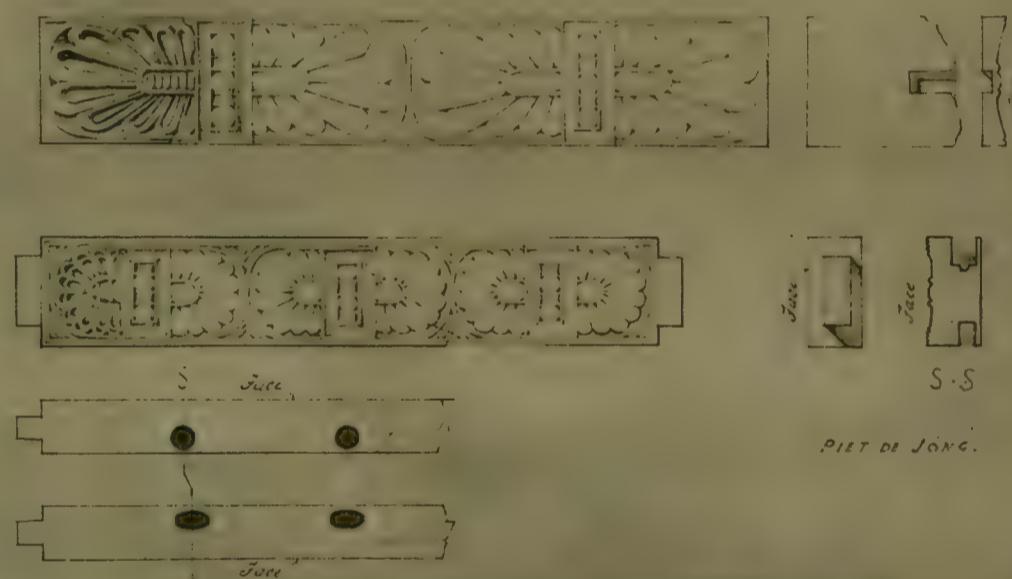


FIG. 4. DETAILED DRAWINGS (AND PART-RECONSTRUCTIONS) OF TWO OF THE IVORY CARVINGS SHOWN IN FIG. 2, TO SHOW THE PRECISE AND EXQUISITE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE MYCENÆAN IVORY-WORKERS.



FIG. 6. GREAT RARITIES FROM MYCENÆ: FRAGMENTS OF WOOD, PRESERVED AS THE RESULT OF BEING CHARRED, CARRYING DELICATE SPIRAL CARVING.

Continued, left.
and others are practically flat. They were found all close to one another and so probably had once formed the decoration of a small wooden casket. The helmets have large cheek-pieces and are crowned with circular discs from which long plumes, probably of horse-hair, hang down behind. They admirably illustrate both the boar's tusk helmet lent by Meriones to Odysseus in the Iliad and the long plume of Hector's helmet which frightened the infant Astyanax. There are several admirably carved ivory bars with tenons and sockets decorated with the Mycenaean triglyph ornament (Figs. 2 and 4). There are semi-columns with

This is the second of two articles by PROFESSOR A. J. B. WACE, leader of the British expedition to Mycenæ, describing the results of the 1954 season at Mycenæ. The previous article appeared in our last issue. The photographs are by Miss Elizabeth Wace (Figs. 1-3, 6, 8, 10-24), the drawings by Mr. Piet de Jong (Figs. 4, 5, 7, 9).

BOTH in the House of Shields and in the House of Sphinxes we found this season several more fine examples of ivory carvings. In the first house there came to light a number of miniature representations in ivory of boar's tusk helmets (Fig. 1). Of these, some are in medium relief

[Continued below, left.]

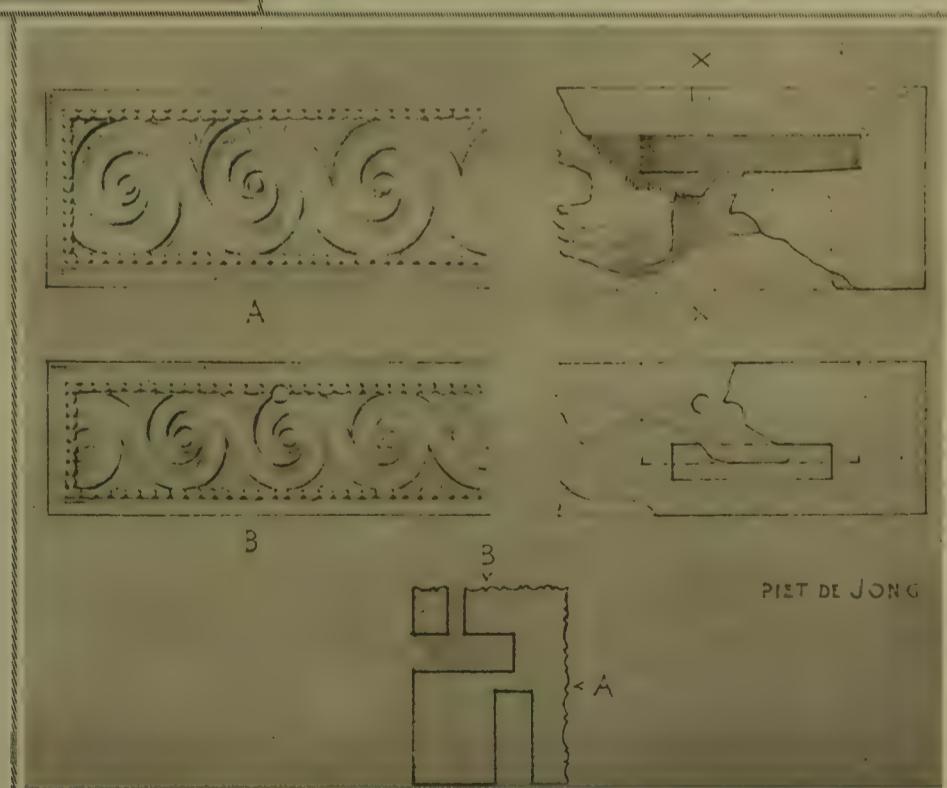


FIG. 7. DRAWINGS OF PIECES OF WOOD FROM FIG. 6, TO SHOW THE DESIGN, PRECISE CARVING AND THE DETAIL OF THE CABINET-MAKER'S CRAFTSMANSHIP.

removable capitals (Fig. 3) and some bars of ivory which are all marked clearly with setting-out lines (Fig. 5). The use of setting-out lines and of tenons and sockets shows beyond all doubt that such pieces of carved ivory were specially designed and made for small objects such as caskets. Equally fine cabinet-making is displayed by some pieces of carved wood obviously from small caskets, which are carved with delicately-drawn rows of spirals (Figs. 6 and 7). Since some of the spirals run along two adjoining sides of some pieces, it is clear that these particular pieces were made for the corners of caskets. To find wood

[Continued overleaf.]

AN ENIGMA FROM MYCENÆ, AND OTHER IVORIES.



FIG. 8. TINY, CHARRED AND FRAGMENTARY, BUT STILL SHOWING MASTERLY CARVING OF THE LEGS OF TWO LIONS: FRAGMENTS OF AN IVORY PLAQUE.

Continued.]
preserved in the ruins of a Mycenaean house is extremely rare. In this case the wood had been turned to charcoal by the violent fire which destroyed the houses. Though it was soft and fragile when extracted from the earth, our staff were able to adapt a method to consolidate and preserve it. The skill and refinement of the Mycenaean craftsmen in this type of delicate work are astonishing. The careful thought and planning employed in its design and execution are characteristically Greek. Some pieces of wood retain parts of the ivory inlay with which they were originally decorated, and one fragment of wood had still attached to it a piece of the gold-leaf with which it was gilded. A remarkable ivory is a large plaque (15 cms. [5½ ins. wide]) of ivy-leaf shape (Fig. 10), which presumably once decorated a large piece of furniture. Fine carving is to be seen on a fragmentary plaque which shows part of a group of two lions (Fig. 8). Here the artistry with which the anatomy and movement of the animals are rendered and the fine drawing of detail are masterly. The most remarkable object in ivory, however, is represented by at least three examples, none of which, unfortunately, is complete. The drawing and the photograph show what they were like (Figs. 9 and 11). They are ivory discs about 12½ cms. (4½ ins.) in diameter, surrounded by a finely-carved knobbed border. Within this is a similar border of quatrefoil shape. In the centre are two holes pierced right through the ivory. At the corners of the quatrefoil are four smooth, round bosses, and on the underside directly below each boss is a small, pointed foot which was neatly fitted with a tenon and socket into a small projection on

(Continued opposite).



FIG. 9. BOTH FACES AND THE SECTION DRAWN TO ILLUSTRATE THE ENIGMATIC IVORY OBJECT, SHOWN BELOW IN FIG. XI.

RECORDS OF HERBS AND VASES: MYCENÆAN CLAY TABLETS.

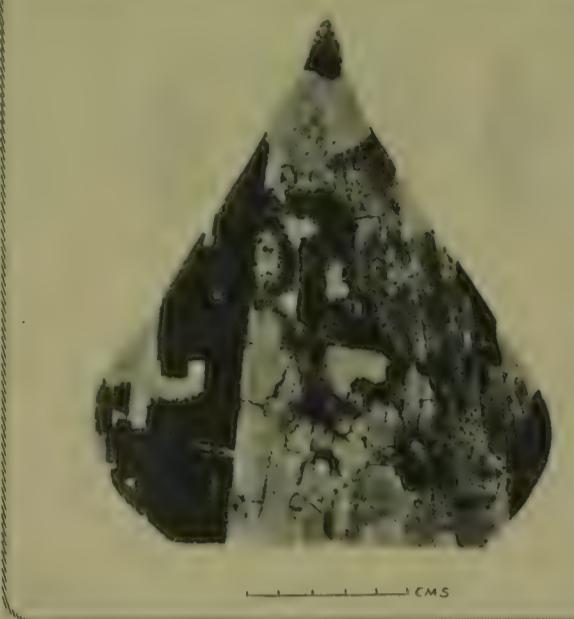


FIG. 10. A LARGE IVORY PLAQUE, 15 CMS. (5½ INS.) WIDE, IN THE FORM OF AN IVY-LEAF, PRESUMABLY A DECORATION FOR A LARGE PIECE OF FURNITURE.

Continued.]
the underside of the disc. The feet were held in position by ivory pegs inserted in small drilled holes after the tenon had been set in the appropriate socket. We can offer no explanation of these objects, which seem to be complete in themselves. They look rather like old-fashioned silver bedroom candlesticks. No object like them seems so far to have been found, though an unexplained bronze found by Tsountas in chamber tomb 81 at Mycenæ has some resemblance to them. Over the ruins of the House of Sphinxes (Fig. 17), a private house had been built in Hellenistic times, in the third or second century B.C. This in its turn had been destroyed and its ruins have suffered much from denudation brought about by cultivation and plundering for building material. Its floors lay about 2 to 3 metres above the rock floor of the basement of the House of Sphinxes. The intervening space we found occupied by the ruins of the upper floors of the House of Sphinxes, consisting of decomposed and burnt crude brick and carbonised matter and miscellaneous débris of all kinds. At one point the Hellenistic builders had constructed a latrine with solid cement floors and walls. It was drained by two cesspits sunk down through the ruins into the rock floor below. Between the two cesspits in Room 6 of the house we found about a dozen clay tablets inscribed in the Mycenaean Linear B script. Several of these (Fig. 14) form a series listing plants or seeds, and including such things as celery, fennel, sesame, coriander, cummin, mint, and so on. We do not know whether these were used as drugs, spices, or dyes, but these consistent lists of plants are further evidence in support of Mr. Ventris's decipherment of the script as Greek. Sesame,

(Continued below, centre).

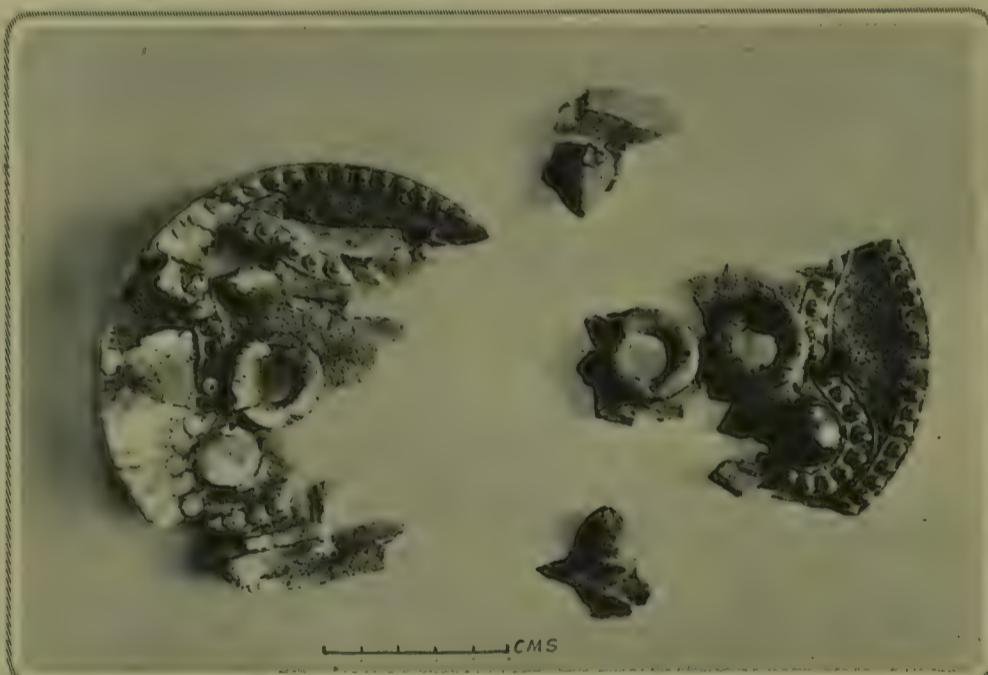


FIG. 11. "LIKE OLD-FASHIONED SILVER BEDROOM CANDLESTICKS": FRAGMENTS OF THREE LARGE IVORY DISCS OF COMPLEX SHAPE AND CARVING WHICH STILL AWAIT EXPLANATION.

Continued.]
for instance, appears as *sa-sa-ma*, cummin as *ku-mi-no*, and fennel as *ma-ra-u-wo*. Another tablet on one side (Fig. 12) gives a list of foods such as olives and figs, and on the other side (Fig. 13) a list of vases. In an adjoining room we found a quantity of carbonised seeds, and a sample of these has been submitted to Dr. Hans Helbaek, of Copenhagen, who reports that they are vetches, chick peas and lentils. It would have been too much to expect that the tablets would record the seeds. In the same room we found a large number of vases, which may, of course, be those recorded on the tablet, although we can not tell yet whether the vases mentioned on the tablet are of metal or of clay. The vases, which seem for the most part to be unused, include drinking-cups (Fig. 19) of two shapes, a tall champagne-glass type (*kylix*) and a teacup. There are two-handled amphoræ (Fig. 20), one with rope-patterned handles (Fig. 24), and some specimens of this shape were found on the floor of one of the neighbouring rooms (Fig. 18). There are ladles, well made, with heavy handles so bent that they will stand upright when set down on a flat surface (Fig. 15). The handles, too, are pierced at the end so that they can easily be hung up on hooks in a kitchen or pantry. There are rounded dippers (Fig. 16) pierced with holes so that they could be used as strainers.

(Continued opposite).



FIGS. 12 AND 13. BOTH SIDES OF A CLAY TABLET FROM THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES DETAILING IN MYCENÆAN LINEAR B SCRIPT OLIVES, FIGS AND THE LIKE (UPPER); AND (LOWER) A LIST OF VASES.

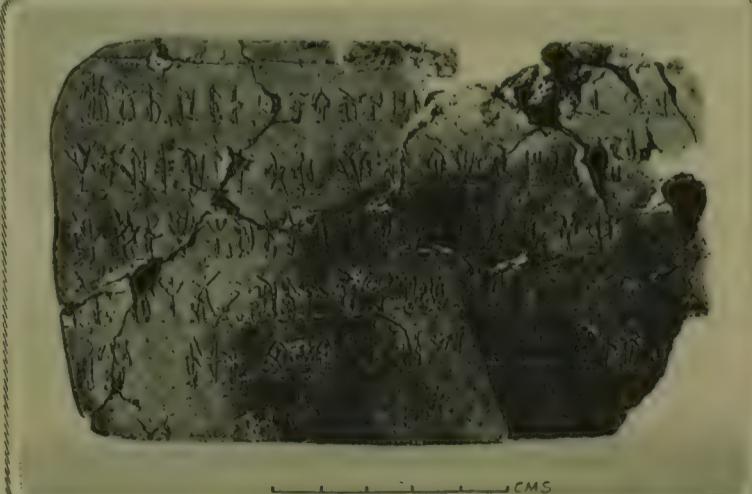


FIG. 14. ANOTHER LINEAR B SCRIPT TABLET, GIVING A LIST OF HERBS AND SEEDS AND INCLUDING CELERY, FENNEL, SESAME, CORIANDER, CUMMIN AND MINT.

FUNCTIONAL DESIGN OF 3200 YEARS AGO: MYCENÆAN KITCHEN POTTERY.



FIG. 15. EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF FUNCTIONAL DESIGN FROM MYCENÆ: LADLES WITH FLATTENED BASES AND HANDLES BENT DOWN SO THAT THE LADLE STANDS WHEN FULL.



FIG. 16. OTHER EXAMPLES OF KITCHEN POTTERY FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES: HANDLED DIPPERS, PIERCED AT THE BASE TO ACT AS STRAINERS.



FIG. 17. IN THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES, WHERE THE MYCENÆAN REMAINS HAD BEEN PIERCED BY HELLENISTIC CESSPITS AND A CEMENTED LATRINE.



FIG. 18. TWO-HANDED AMPHORÆ, FOUND AND SHOWN IN SITU IN THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES. THE HANDLES ARE IN THE FORM OF TWISTED ROPES.

Continued from opposite page.
These have longish, heavy handles so that they can easily be dipped in a cauldron or a soup-kettle. There is a large two-handled jar with a tall neck which seems to have been intended to contain a liquid such as oil or wine (Fig. 23). There are two shapes of storage vessels which look as if they were meant to contain solids such as grain, olives or pease flour (Fig. 22). In the 1953 season we found in one of the rooms a collection of decorated vases of

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.)

FIG. 19. "CHAMPAGNE GLASSES" (KYLIKES) AND "TEACUPS": THE TWO TYPES OF VASE FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF SPHINXES, MOSTLY UNUSED.



Continued.
the Late Helladic III. B style which give a date for the house. This year we found a pyriform jar, well made and decorated with a simple linear pattern which can be assigned to the same style (Fig. 21). This vase is now greyish in colour and was obviously affected by the fire which destroyed the house. The vase thus must presumably have been in the house at the time of its destruction, which must therefore have taken place while the L.H. III. B style was still in fashion. So we can probably place the ruin of the house in the second half of the thirteenth century B.C. All these vases, though well-designed and of good

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 20. A TWO-HANDED AMPHORA, WITH PLAIN HANDLES. COMPARE WITH THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 18.



FIG. 21. A PEAR-SHAPED VASE OF LATE HELLADIC III. B STYLE, WHICH DATES THE CATASTROPHE.



FIG. 22. A TWO-HANDED STORAGE VESSEL, APPARENTLY DESIGNED TO HOLD SOLIDS.



FIG. 23. A TWO-HANDED LONG-NECKED STORAGE JAR, APPARENTLY DESIGNED FOR LIQUIDS.



FIG. 24. AN AMPHORA WITH HANDLES SHAPED TO IMITATE ROPE, SHOWN ALSO IN FIG. 18.

Continued.
fabric, were obviously intended for ordinary domestic use, probably for kitchen purposes, for which several of them seem to have been specially planned. Between the south wall of the House of Shields and the north wall of the House of the Oil Merchant is a narrow lane in which at one point a number of broken drinking-cups were discovered. Since these are badly broken and many of the fragments of them are missing, it is suggested that they were vases which were broken during use in the house and that the fragments were thrown out into the street by the inhabitants, as is often

done in the Near East to-day. The lane is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ metres wide and it will be seen that this part of Mycenæ at least hardly deserves the Homeric epithet of "broad-streeted." The exploration of this area is not yet completed. This work we hope to undertake next season, if we can obtain the financial support necessary for the continuation of the excavations. All further light on the culture of Mycenæ, the first great phase of Greek civilisation, is, of course, of prime importance in the study of the humanities.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

INTERNATIONAL TREASURES.*

By FRANK DAVIS.



If you are in the habit of reading the "blubs" which publishers obligingly print on the dust-covers of books—and were Isaac D'Israeli alive to-day he might well include some of them in an appendix to the "Curiosities of Literature"—you may find yourself put off by the final sentence which appears on the latest Phaidon publication, "Treasures of the Great National Galleries." You are gravely informed that "the paintings in this book give you priceless art of world renown in a private gallery of your own"—as a result of which you open the book in some trepidation, fearing you are condemned to a lengthy harangue, composed of hysterical and meaningless superlatives, about some of the noblest works of art produced by sinful man; and what could be more boring than that? If you do react in this way, you will soon discover that your fears are groundless. What Dr. Hans Tietze has given us is the fascinating story of the origins and history of the great galleries of Europe and America, illustrated by 300 pictures.

To-day, even the millions who never set foot in the Louvre, or the Uffizi, or the National Gallery in London, or the Prado, are conscious that in some obscure way these institutions are part of the inheritance of the nation—more than that, are of international importance—and would be puzzled and indignant if one night they were to disappear. That they should be State property is taken for granted. That so many were once the personal property of the ruling prince has been forgotten; what has also been forgotten is that the notion that a great collection should be accessible to everyone was not the result of modern democratic theory, but can be traced back for

become national institutions, and were thought of as such; even in the courtly phase of their existence they had served ideals which went far beyond their original purpose." And, on another page: "Art-collecting, as distinct from the earlier piling up of treasures, was surrounded from the very beginning by all the related activities which have accompanied it ever since; dealers, connoisseurs, forgers, all these appeared as soon as there was scope for them, that is to say, as soon as collectors existed. The first art-collectors all

inaccessible, urging the Government to buy Sir Robert Walpole's Houghton collection (which was, in due course, acquired by the Empress Catherine of Russia), and, with a fine flourish, saying "I wish, Sir, the eye of painting as fully gratified as the ear of music is in this island, which at last bids fair to become a favourite abode of the polite arts."

By this time a liberal and enlightened view of the responsibilities of princes was normal currency. At first their collections would be shown to distinguished strangers, then to the general public. Florence was the first; then, in 1768, came Dresden, when the young Goethe eagerly awaited the hour of opening. I quote again: "This coming-of-age of the peoples and their heightened self-consciousness converted the ordinary man's vague claim on the princely collections into an assumption of full legal possession and moral responsibility for it. Princes, who had once boasted of being the State, gave place to a State created by the nation, and patronage of the arts, which had been a princely prerogative, passed to their successor."

In this excellent and scholarly book the history of eight major and eight minor picture-galleries, from Budapest to Washington, is described in some detail, and they share the 300 illustrations between them. The reader, naturally enough, will find nothing with which he is not reasonably familiar, and will probably, following his own prejudices, pick a quarrel with the author for having omitted something or other which he (the reader) is convinced ought to be there. The game of choosing the 300 paintings and then dividing them into sixteen sections, in order to provide a balanced account of each gallery, must have been extraordinarily difficult. Most of my favourites are there, and also, just to remind me that books are compiled for others besides myself, one or two which I heartily detest, among them Rembrandt's "Rape of Ganymede," from Dresden, and Rubens' "King Henry IV Receiving the Portrait of Marie de' Medici," from the Louvre, which is so absurd a conception that one is liable not to notice how marvellously it is painted. But of course both ought to be present; I merely complain because I can't find the key to them. And how, nowadays,



"PORTRAIT OF ANTONIO BROCCARDO"; BY GIORGIONE (c. 1477-1510). A TREASURE OF THE BUDAPEST GALLERY. (Canvas; 28½ by 21½ ins.)

"Ladislaus Pyrker presented it [the Giorgione portrait] to the Museum in 1846. This painting has also been attributed to other North Italian artists. If it is by Giorgione, it must date from his last years," writes Dr. Hans Tietze.

belonged to the ruling classes, for there were no other people who could afford the luxury of acquiring objects which had no purpose but that of arousing pleasure and interest. The princely pioneers in this field, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, or the early Medici, set an example which, furthered by the whole trend of the times, produced a new kind of refinement in living. To collect works of art became not merely a legitimate pursuit but a mark of social distinction, and, by a familiar sociological process, it became a duty among the upper classes and especially among ruling princes... Of course, such princely collectors included men who acquired works of art with passion and knowledge, and who, therefore, were much more successful than those who collected simply as a routine duty. Gifted collectors, such as Lorenzo de' Medici, Philip II. of Spain, the Emperor Rudolf II., King Charles I., were as much shining exceptions as the true collectors among modern millionaires. They brought together collections which were simply astounding in their quality and their quantity.... Of these four the first laid the foundations of the Uffizi collection, the second those of the Prado, the third those of Vienna; the fourth, alas!—how many of King Charles' pictures were eventually retrieved for this country?

I note that Sir Thomas Beecham, in a characteristic over-statement, has recently announced that we are a hundred years behind everyone else; in 1649 there was no one bold enough to point that out to the able, earnest, dim-witted barbarians who decreed that the King's works of art should be dispersed at auction. It is odd that we had to wait until 1824 before the National Gallery was formed by the purchase of the Angerstein pictures; doubly odd because from the late seventeenth and throughout the whole of the eighteenth centuries an enormous number of fine pictures, especially from Italy, were bought by English travellers—with the result, as Dr. Tietze points out, that there grew up "an accumulation of an incomparable wealth of masterpieces in the great English houses, a mine so rich that even to-day, after prolonged and serious losses, it still supplies the public collections of Great Britain." It is equally odd, considering his stormy career and by no means lovable character, to find John Wilkes in the House of Commons in 1777, during the first recorded debate on artistic matters, protesting against the transference of the Raphael Cartoons from Hampton Court, where they could be seen by the public, to Buckingham Palace, which was



"THE GIRL WITH A WATER JUG"; BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA (1746-1828). A TREASURE OF THE BUDAPEST GALLERY. (Canvas; 26½ by 20½ ins.)

"Acquired by Count Kaunitz in Vienna in 1812 and came into the Esterhazy Collection before 1835. A popular subject with Goya; it is the companion piece to the 'Knife-Grinder,' also in Budapest.... This work and the Giorgione, also reproduced, are the two paintings in Budapest which Frank Davis notes that he specially wants to see. Illustrations by courtesy of the Phaidon Press, publishers of the book reviewed on this page."

does one smuggle oneself to Budapest at someone else's expense? Either, I suppose, in the diplomatic bag or by muscling in on some bear-led trade mission or other. Anyway, of the four Budapest pictures illustrated, there are two I specially want to see: first, the little Goya, a peasant girl with a jug of water; second, a portrait by Giorgione which must be superb. Since the book was written, the Russians have announced that the captured Dresden collection is to be returned to its original home. Is this one more move towards sanity in a distracted world? And will it be possible some day to buy a ticket to Dresden just as one can to Paris or Brussels or Amsterdam?



"THE CHOCOLATE GIRL"; BY JEAN-ETIENNE LIOTARD (1702-1789). A TREASURE OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY. (Pastel on parchment; 32½ by 20½ ins.)

"Purchased in Venice in 1745. This picture, with its delicate colours and reticent pose of the girl, carrying a tray towards the right, that is away from the onlooker, equals in popularity the Sistine Madonna in this [the Dresden] Gallery." The Russians have announced the forthcoming return to Dresden of the collection, which was taken to Moscow after being found by a Red Army battalion as it advanced round ruined Dresden. It will be on view in Moscow until August 20. During their stay in Russia the pictures have been skilfully restored.

centuries; Lorenzo the Magnificent was intensely proud of his treasures and loved to show visitors round himself. And did not the last of the Medici family, Anna Maria Luisa, present the collection to the Tuscan State in 1737? Here I must quote: "Long before the question of their legal ownership was fully resolved, great collections of this kind had, in fact,

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Treasures of the Great National Galleries; an Introduction to the Paintings in the Famous Museums of the Western World." By Hans Tietze. 300 Illustrations: 24 in Full Colour, by 143 painters. (The Phaidon Press; 35s.)

RECENT NATIONAL
GALLERY
ACQUISITIONS:
NOW ON VIEW.

THE National Gallery is now showing in the north side of the newly decorated vestibule, some recent additions to its great collection. These include a very attractive unfinished portrait head by Gainsborough of his nephew, Gainsborough Dupont, who was born c. 1755. It was bequeathed by Lady D'Aburon and has now been cleaned. The identity of the sitter is traditionally accepted; another portrait of him by Gainsborough is at Oxford, and is clearly of later date than the National Gallery painting. The other new additions on view include two brilliant small Guardis from Mrs. Charles Carsairs' bequest. One, which we reproduce, shows the Giudecca, a series of eight islets at Venice, chiefly famous for Palladio's fine church of Il Redentore, a typical example of his ecclesiastical architecture; the other is a view of the Dogana, or Customs House. Both paintings date most probably from the middle period of the artist's activity, and were purchased [Continued below.]



"THE GIUDECCA, VENICE": BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), ONE OF TWO BRILLIANT WORKS BY THIS FAMOUS VENETIAN PAINTER, FROM MRS. CHARLES CARSAIRS' BEQUEST TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, ON VIEW IN THE VESTIBULE.

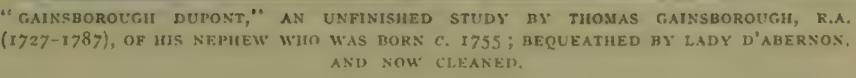


"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," ASCRIBED TO AN ARTIST OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL, WHICH IS BARELY REPRESENTED IN BRITISH PUBLIC COLLECTIONS. IT WAS PRESENTED BY MRS. F. ANTAL IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, DR. ANTAL.

[Continued.]

In Venice prior to 1808 by a certain Henry Woodward. The fourth acquisition put on view with these is a "Portrait of a Lady," presented by Mrs. F. Antal in memory of her husband, the late Dr. Antal. He acquired the work in Rome

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.



"GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT," AN UNFINISHED STUDY BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1787), OF HIS NEPHEW WHO WAS BORN C. 1755; BEQUEATHED BY LADY D'ABERNON, AND NOW CLEANED.

some years ago. It belongs in a tradition of Neapolitan painting that is seldom seen in England and is barely represented in any of our public collections. The draperies are sculptural, and the colours—rust-red, pale yellow and silvery blue—metallic.

FROM TUDOR GALLEON TO THE GIANT BATTLESHIP OF TO-DAY:



(ABOVE) FIG. 1. THE FIRST VANGUARD OF THE ROYAL NAVY, A THREE-DECKER SHIP-OF-THE-LINE WHICH IN 1686 AND "CAST FROM THE SERVICE" IN 1699, FOUGHT AGAINST THE SPANISH ARMADA. (Length of hull, 20 ins.)

THIS striking series of models (Figs. 1-9) of all *Vanguards* of the Royal Navy, from the galleon of 1686 to the battleship of to-day, have been made for the Director of Naval Recruiting and is designed to promote interest in the traditions and history of the Royal Navy through the centuries to stimulate recruiting into the Navy of to-day. The models were made by Mr. Julian B. Clapp (who has made many models for the Imperial War Museum); and it is believed that this is the first time that a complete series of models of the warships of a single name has been made by one hand. The present-day *Vanguard* model was (Continued opposite).

(RIGHT) FIG. 2. *Vanguard III*; BUILT AT PORTSMOUTH IN 1698, "TAKEN PRICES IN 1733; A SECOND-RATE AND THE FIFTH SHIP KNOWN AS SUCH; AND A THREE-DECKER, HER DECKS GILDED AND ELABORATE QUARTERS CARRIED. (Length, 26 ins.)



FIG. 4. *Vanguard IV*: BUILT AT COWES IN 1748, AND SOLD IN 1774 FOR £895. A TWO-DECKER AND THIRD-RATE, PIERCED FOR 70 GUNS, BUT CARRYING FEWER. SERVED IN CANADA AND WEST INDIES. (Length, 26 ins.)

Continued)
painting cost £30 as against the rest of the ship's cost—£2600. Her flags are interesting; at the fore, the greyhound; at the main, a Tudor green-and-white pendant with St. George's cross; at the stern, St. George's cross at the top; above the mizzen, the Tudor rose; and the Tudor green-and-white ensign. The 1631 *Vanguard* (Fig. 2) incorporated some of the Tudor ship's timbers and

FIG. 5. *Vanguard V*: NELSON'S *Vanguard* AND HIS FLAGSHIP AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, AND SHOWN WEARING HIS FLAGS AS REAR-ADmirAL OF THE BLUE. BUILT AT DEPTFORD IN 1757, BROKEN UP IN 1821. (Length, 27 ins.)

was technically a rebuild, though actually new. She was 145 ft. long and had 56 guns during the Dutch wars, in which she fought continuously. Her flags are: at the fore, the green-and-white pendant with St. George's cross; main, St. George's cross; fore, white pendant and St. George's cross; main, General Monk's flag; red with harp and St. George's cross and green laurel; mizzen, no flag; and the

THE NINE VANGUARDS OF THE ROYAL NAVY—IN SCALE MODELS.



FIG. 6. *Vanguard VI*: BUILT AT PEMBROKE DOCK IN 1835, A SECOND-RATE OF 80 GUNS, ALL 32-POUNDERs. SHE SAW VERY LITTLE ACTIVE SERVICE AND SERVED IN THE "EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON," BROKEN UP, 1875. (Length, 30 ins.)



FIG. 7. *Vanguard VII*: A TWIN-SCREW IRON FRIGATE, BUILT AT BIRKENHEAD IN 1870 AND SUNK IN 1875 IN A COLLISION WITH HER SISTER-SHIP, *IRON DUKE*, WHICH RAMMED HER AMIDSHIPS: THE FIRST STEAM *Vanguard*. (Length, 33 ins.)



FIG. 8. *Vanguard VIII*: A DREADNOUGHT, BUILT AT BARROW IN 1908. SHE FOUGHT AT JUTLAND AND BLEW UP AT SCAPA FLOW IN 1917 WITH VERY HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE. TEN 12-IN. GUNS, 20 4-IN. (Length of model, 67 ins.)



FIG. 9. *Vanguard IX*: THE *Vanguard* OF TO-DAY, A 44,500-TON BATTLESHIP BUILT AT CLYDEBANK AND COMPLETED IN 1946: THIS MODEL IS CUT AWAY TO SHOW ENGINE-ROOMS AND MESS DECKS, ETC. (Length of model, 101 ins.)



H.M.S. *Vanguard*, THE ROYAL NAVY'S LARGEST, AND PROBABLY LAST, BATTLESHIP, AT SEA. THE ONLY BRITISH BATTLESHIP NOW IN FULL COMMISSION.

had a long life and little active service and cost £56,963. She was renamed *Ajax* in 1867. The seventh *Vanguard* (Fig. 7) had a brief life and her sinking in a collision with her sister-ship, *Iron Duke*, was taken to illustrate the efficiency of *Iron Duke's* ram, which became standard equipment. The eighth *Vanguard* (Fig. 8), the dreadnought, blew up at Scapa Flow with very heavy loss of life in 1917. The ninth *Vanguard*, the battleship of to-day and the largest battleship ever built in Great Britain, has a wartime complement of 2000 men, and cost £9,000,000, exclusive of her eight 15-in. guns and their mounting—a far cry from the 320-complement and £2600-cost of her Tudor ancestor.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ALTHOUGH it is a long time ago that I first became aware of the coot, the memory of that occasion is still vividly with me. Coming upon a large lake, in the course of a walk, I saw a number of blackish, somewhat duck-like birds with white faces. There may have been several score merely, or two or three hundred, I cannot remember now, but I do recall that I gave them scant attention, for I had just started to study *wild* birds. So I wrote these off, in my ignorance, as probably ornamental waterfowl. Naturally, I soon discovered my mistake, but I have never been able fully to throw off the effects of that early mistake. It may be interesting, therefore, to consider the reason for that mistake. The birds were placid, too placid, it seemed, to be truly wild. Doubtless, also, the fact that they were so numerous and so evenly spaced over the surface of the water imparted to them an air of artificiality.

The name "coot" has come down to us without change from mediæval English, which is sufficient indication, if such were needed, that the bird is no recent introduction. And as for its placid appearance, which at first suggested that it was exotic, that has long been recognised, but under another description. The coot is usually referred to as stupid, and we have the well-known saying: "As silly as a coot." This does less than justice to it, however. The other well-known saying, "Bald as a coot," is also misguided, since the seeming baldness applies to the white frontal plate running from the base of the beak to the top of the head. Baldness in the coot is therefore of the face, not of the head.

Having made the closer acquaintance of the coot, I still prefer to call it placid rather than stupid, although it is capable of actions less intelligent than those of most birds. Even this may be misleading, however, for it is one of the most spectacular fighters among waterfowl, a fact which has earned it the reputation of being quarrelsome and aggressive. It may well be both these things, but at least it gives us the best example of an anti-aircraft defence, developed long before man had need of such things. Before dealing with this in detail, however, it may be as well to examine its more ordinary features.

Although a member of the group of birds known as the rails, which includes the corncrake or land-rail, as well as the moorhen or water-hen, and a variety of rails and crakes in various parts of the world, the coot is, as I have said, somewhat duck-like. It is heavily-built, about 15 ins. long. The plumage is slate-grey for the most part, the head being velvet-black and the legs olive-green. The feet are not webbed, but lobed. The bill is white and the spear-shaped frontal plate, although appearing white at a distance, is tinged with pink. When swimming, the bobbing movements of the head betray the true relationships of the bird. If disturbed, a coot runs along the surface, splashing vigorously as it rises from the water and almost running over the surface in the

COOT'S AERIAL DEFENCE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

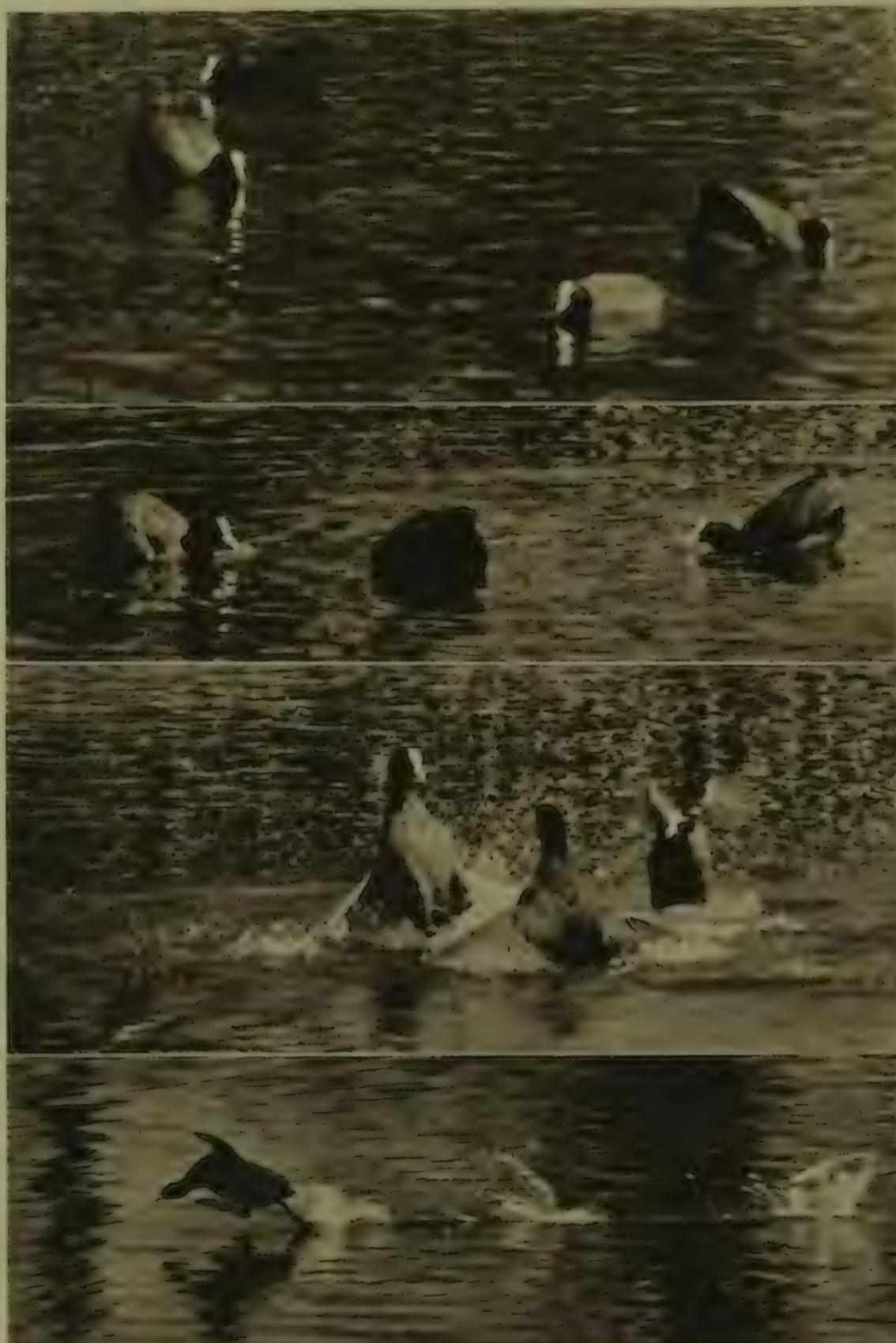
final stages before becoming airborne. Then, as it gathers speed, it flies straight, the wings moving rapidly, the legs trailing behind the tail.

Coot are seldom found far from water, although they will come on to the bank to feed on grass. More

structure results. The young, which will be hatching about now, are more vividly coloured and more like the typical rails. Although most of the juvenile body is covered with a sooty down, and the legs are a dull slate, the down around the bill is bright red, the sides of the face are orange, and the crown is blue or ultramarine. The nape varies somewhat, and may be red, orange, or merely black like the rest of the body. The bill is black at the tip, otherwise it is white, shading to vermillion at the base and on the frontal plate.

The aggressive attitude of the adult coot is signalled by the head and neck being lowered, the shoulders hunched and the wings slightly raised in a position known as "swanning," from the resemblance to the well-known carriage of a swan's wings. When attacking a rival, the coot swims towards him in this attitude. When the two meet, each rises by a quick movement of the body, until they are virtually sitting on their tails on the surface, leaving both feet and wings free for striking water forward. The battle is swift, noisy and soon over. There is a great to-do, with the water being splashed vigorously, after which the birds resume normal position and occupation. In fact, these fights or squabbles recall markedly the behaviour of human beings enjoying the lighter side of sea-bathing. Two bathers meet and start to splash each other vigorously. Such is the compelling effect of water violently projected, that these encounters do not last long as a rule. Moreover, such is the mesmeric effect of splashing water, it is seldom that such mock battles remain contests between two individuals, but usually end in a free-for-all splashing party. This familiar comparison is the best means of conveying to anyone unused to the ways of coot the general picture of their fighting. If two start to fight in this way, others in the vicinity are likely to join in.

The analogy with human water-sports tends to break down when we consider motives. People may splash each other for fun, but when coot indulge in the same antics their purpose is more serious. Nevertheless, the two have this in common, that the action tends to be infectious. So the way is paved for co-operation in the face of a common enemy. Under ordinary circumstances the co-operation is unwitting, or perhaps we should say that it is governed by a pattern of behaviour belonging to



COOT IN COMBAT: (1) TWO MATED PAIRS OF COOT SHOWING MUTUAL ANTAGONISM. THE BIRD ON THE LEFT SHOWS BEST THE AGGRESSIVE ATTITUDE, WITH THE HEAD DOWN AND THE WINGS ARCHED, IN THE POSTURE KNOWN AS "SWANNING." (2) THREE OF THE COOT DRAW CLOSER, EACH IN AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY. (3) THE FIGHT IN PROGRESS: VIRTUALLY SITTING ON THEIR TAILS, THE COOT SPLASH WATER AT EACH OTHER WITH WINGS AND FEET. (4) A FINE ACTION PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING A COOT WITH HEAD DOWN IN THE TYPICAL AGGRESSIVE ATTITUDE AND "TREADING WATER" AS IT PURSUDES ITS RIVAL.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

commonly they feed under water, on vegetation, water snails, and the like, diving somewhat clumsily by a jump from the water followed by a plunge. Under water they swim strongly, striking with both feet at once, whereas at the surface the feet are used alternately.

The coot's nest is large and built of the best available vegetation, such as reeds or sedges, the stems of water iris or, occasionally, of twigs. It is sited among water vegetation, and if the level of the water rises, more material is added to it to keep the six to ten eggs clear of the water, until often a massive

the species rather than to the individual. Outside the breeding season the coot congregate, and when a bird-of-prey approaches they pack together, thus making it difficult for the attacker to mark out any one for its prey. Another form of co-operation has been seen, although rarely, when a group of coot will combine to throw up a shower of spray with their feet as the predatory bird stoops, so producing a barrage at least as effective as modern artillery even if the results are not so lethal.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DIVINE, TEACHER AND AUTHOR DIES :

DR. C. A. ALINGTON.

Dr. Arlington, Dean Emeritus of Durham, died at his home in Herefordshire on May 16. He was eighty-two. Successively a master at Marlborough and Eton, he was appointed headmaster of Shrewsbury in 1908; he left Shrewsbury to become headmaster of Eton, a post he held with distinction from 1916 to 1933. His literary output included theology, detective stories and light verse.



THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN : HERR VON HERWARTH.

Herr von Herwarth, first German Ambassador to Britain since 1939 (representing the Federal Republic), arrived to take up his post on May 16; and was recalled by Dr. Adenauer on May 18 for an "urgent conference." Formerly Chief of Protocol at the Federal German Foreign Ministry, before the war he was *en poste* in Moscow.



THE CONGREGATIONALIST CHAIRMAN-ELECT : THE REV. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

The first woman ever to become Chairman-Elect of the Congregational Union of England and Wales is the Reverend Elsie Chamberlain, elected to that office at the May Assembly of the Union. She takes up the office of Chairman at the next May Assembly. She has lately served on the B.B.C. religious advisory committee.



A PRISON REFORMER AND HUMANITARIAN DIES : DAME LILIAN BARKER.

A notable prison reformer and originator of unconventional penal methods, Dame Lilian Barker died on May 21, aged eighty-one. Appointed Lady Superintendent of Woolwich Arsenal during the 1914-18 war, she was afterwards Governor of the Borstal Institution for Girls. Here, her imaginative and humane approach won her a considerable reputation. She was made a D.B.E. in 1944.



WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP : MRS. G. VALENTINE.

The British Ladies' Open Amateur Championship was won, for the second time, by Mrs. G. Valentine, from Scotland, when she beat the United States National Champion, Miss B. Romack, by 7 and 6 over the Royal Portrush course on May 19. Mrs. Valentine's previous success in winning the title was achieved eighteen years ago.



HOLDING THE WALKER CUP AFTER THEIR DECISIVE DEFEAT OF BRITAIN ON THE OLD COURSE, ST. ANDREWS, ON MAY 20-21 : THE TRIUMPHANT AMERICAN GOLFERS.

Britain suffered one of its worst defeats in the Walker Cup Tournament on May 20-21, when the United States golfers triumphed by ten matches to two. After making a clean sweep of the foursomes, the Americans proceeded to win six singles; the only winning British golfers were L. Caldwell and D. A. Blair. The victorious U.S. golfers, seen above with the Cup, are (l. to r.): W. J. Patton, J. W. Conrad, J. G. Jackson (partly obscured), D. Morie, W. C. Cambell (captain), E. Harvie Ward, B. H. Cudd, D. Cherry and R. L. Yost.



DIED ON MAY 14, AGED EIGHTY-FOUR : MISS KATE CUTLER.

Musical-comedy star and comedy actress Miss Kate Cutler appeared at the Gaiety in "In Town" in 1893, and made "hits" in "Floradora" (1899) and other productions. After "The Spring Chicken" in 1905, she acted in straight comedy and gained success in such plays as "Bellamy the Magnificent" and "The Witness for the Defence."



APPOINTED EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN : M. SAMY ABOUL FETOUEH.

The appointment of M. Samy Aboul Fetouh, Under-Secretary in the Egyptian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as Egyptian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's was announced last month. The new envoy, formerly Minister to Sweden, succeeds H.E. Abdul Rahman Hakki, the present Ambassador, who reached the retiring age last year.



A NEWSPAPER MANAGER DIES : MR. W. C. McWHIRTER.

Mr. McWhirter, the well-known journalist and newspaper manager, died in London on May 16. He was sixty-six. A former editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* shortly after its foundation, he subsequently joined the board of Associated Newspapers, becoming managing director in 1944.



A FORMER GOVERNMENT BROKER DIES : SIR EDWARD CRIPPS.

Sir Edward Cripps, who died at his London home on May 18, was the senior Government broker from 1937 until his retirement in 1950. He was sixty-nine. He was a member of the Stock Exchange for forty years, during which his influence on its transactions was widely felt.



AWARDED A FRENCH LITERARY PRIZE : MR. ALAN PRYCE-JONES.

It was announced in Paris on May 18 that Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, the English author and journalist, has been awarded the *prix culturel* of the publication *Plaisir de France*. This newly-inaugurated prize is awarded to foreigners who promote the fame and prestige of France. Mr. Pryce-Jones is editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*.



WATCHING THE CROSS-COUNTRY JUMPING SECTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE TRIALS AT WINDSOR : T.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh took their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, to watch the cross-country jumping section of the International Horse Trials at Windsor on May 19. The weather was wet, but the children wore raincoats, and the young Duke of Cornwall, seated beside his sister on the top of the car, watched proceedings through field-glasses. The children were joined for a time by Prince William of Gloucester.



THE SIAMESE PRIME MINISTER IN PARIS : FIELD MARSHAL PIBUL SONGRAM (RIGHT) ACCEPTING THE CITY'S SILVER MEDAL FROM THE MAYOR AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

The Siamese Prime Minister, who received his military training in France, arrived in Paris on May 18 on an official visit after having been in Spain and the United States. In Paris he was presented with the City's Silver Medal, at the Hôtel de Ville, and conferred a Siamese decoration on Paris. When he was in the United States he held talks on defence and economic problems in South-East Asia with President Eisenhower and other American leaders.

ELECTIONEERING IN THE OPEN: SMALL AUDIENCES EXCEPT FOR SIR WINSTON.



USING THE CATTLE AUCTIONEER'S ROSTRUM TO "SELL" HIS PARTICULAR BRAND OF POLITICS: MR. T. R. L. FRASER, LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR ABERDEENSHIRE WEST.



FROM A BENCH IN THE NEW FOREST CONSTITUENCY: COLONEL O. E. CROSTHWAITE-EYRE, THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE, WITH A SMALL AUDIENCE ON FOOT AND HORSEBACK.



WITH STORM-CLOUDS AS A NOT-UNFITTING BACKGROUND: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN SPEAKING FROM AN OPEN TRUCK IN THE HILLS BETWEEN EBBW VALE AND TREDEGAR.



ONE OF THE FEW ORATORS SURE OF A LARGE AUDIENCE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ADDRESSING A CROWD AT BIGGLESWADE IN SUPPORT OF MR. A. T. LENNOX-BOYD.



USING A SMALL TRUCK AS HER MOBILE PLATFORM: MRS. M. DE LA MOTTE, THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE, ADDRESSING A FEW SHOPPERS IN THE FULHAM CONSTITUENCY.

For the most part audiences at political meetings during this General Election have been small. Whether because the issue was being decided on the radio or on the television screens—which have been such a new and enigmatic feature of this campaign—or whether because the electorate were apathetic or contented, or because the weather for the most part of the campaign was so unpleasant: it was impossible at the time of writing to suggest. The great orators could still command



CHATTING TO A FEW MOTHERS AND CHILDREN IN THE EPPING CONSTITUENCY: MRS. LEAH MANNING, THE SOCIALIST CANDIDATE IN A THREE-CORNED FIGHT.

a large audience—as our picture of Sir Winston Churchill speaking in the Mid-Bedfordshire constituency shows; but for the most part open-air meetings and those casual street-corner gatherings, which are the life-blood of lively electioneering, were poorly attended. At the time of writing all 630 seats were being contested. The number is five more than at the last election; and many constituencies have been substantially altered as the result of boundary changes.

ELECTIONEERING BY T.V.: HOW THE PARTIES REACHED THE MILLIONS.



TWO INDEPENDENT EPPING ELECTORS (WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY VOTED CONSERVATIVE)—MRS. AND MR. GEOFFREY HASTINGS—WHO INTERVIEWED THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE, MR. JOHN ARLOTT, IN THE LIBERAL T.V. PROGRAMME.

MR. JOHN ARLOTT, THE WELL-KNOWN CRICKET COMMENTATOR, LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR EPPING, WHO TOOK PART.

LORD SAMUEL, THE VETERAN LIBERAL STATESMAN, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE LIBERAL BROADCAST.



THE CONSERVATIVE "PRESS CONFERENCE" BEFORE THE TELEVISION CAMERAS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. IAIN MACLEOD, MR. R. A. BUTLER, SIR ANTHONY EDEN, MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN AND SIR WALTER MONCKTON. DURING THE BROADCAST THEY WERE QUESTIONED BY A GROUP OF NEWSPAPER EDITORS.



MR. ATTLEE'S "FIRESIDE CHAT" ON TELEVISION, IN WHICH THE SOCIALIST LEADER AND MRS. ATTLEE WERE INTERVIEWED BEFORE THE CAMERAS BY MR. PERCY CUDLIPP.

The most notable feature of a generally quiet General Election has been the use of television by the Conservative, Socialist and Liberal Parties. It is beyond doubt that this medium reaches audiences of many millions and, most probably, with greater actuality than sound broadcasting. What effect it makes, what is the best technique to follow and who are the most effective television political personalities (and why)—are questions that perhaps this campaign will answer. The Liberals, who gave one programme (on May 19), staged an interview between two unconvincing electors of Epping and the Liberal candidate for Epping, Mr. John Arlott, who was supported by Mr. Frank Byers, the vice-president of the



THE OLD HAND AND THE NEW RECRUIT: MR. MORRISON AND LADY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE IN A PROGRAMME SHARED WITH MR. GAITSKELL AND MR. CALLAGHAN.

party, the programme being introduced by Lord Samuel, the Liberal elder statesman. The Socialist Party adopted several methods: the fireside chat, in which Mr. and Mrs. Attlee were interviewed by Mr. P. Cudlipp (May 11); a duologue between Dr. Edith Summerskill and Mr. Harold Wilson (May 16); and a discussion under a chairman by Mr. Morrison, Lady Megan Lloyd George, Mr. Gaitksell and Mr. Callaghan (May 20). The Conservatives used two solo talks: Mr. Harold Macmillan (May 10) and Sir Anthony Eden (May 21), and a Press Conference (May 17), in which these two speakers, with Mr. Iain MacLeod, Mr. R. A. Butler and Sir Walter Monckton were interviewed by a group of newspaper editors.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

RATHER FETCHING.

By ALAN DENT.

LISTENING closely, the one word you will most often overhear at any exhibition of paintings, sculpture or the like is not any of the fashionable adjectives of rapture or the reverse: it is the gently qualifying adverb, "rather," uttered with a variety of insinuations and inflexions. "Rather wonderful!" you will murmur to the painter or sculptor himself if you be anxious to mark yourself out as a person of critical perception and no mere chorister in the general gush.

"Rather fun!" or "Rather jolly!" says the schoolgirl of any age. "Rather interesting!" say the more worldly ones, stifling a yawn. "Rather intriguing!" say the perplexed and bewildered. "Rather a sell!" says the fiery colonel. "Rather sweet!" says his gentle wife. "Rather a waste of time!" says their son or daughter, at an age that is growing out of hand. And so on, and so on, for ever and a day.

This leads me to the incontrovertible fact that I seem to have, in the dark and at the film show, scribbled the single word "rather"—utterly bereft of any adjective—on the back of that helpful synopsis which is so niggardly given to reviewers only and to far too few (if any at all) members of the lay public. (Query: Can this fact be looked into by all managements, now that paper is no longer a rare or heavily rationed commodity?)

The adjective I left for later determination was "fetching," and I really cannot find it in my critical heart to utter any more effusive single word about Sir Carol Reed's rather dashing, rather disappointing, and rather overpraised picture. The short novel on which it is based—Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's book of the same title, "A Kid for Two Farthings"—is a witty and perceptive account of Petticoat Lane as seen through

crumpled horn in the middle of its forehead. But Joe cherishes it very much as Andrew Marvell's Girl cherished her Fawn. It becomes to him something far more like a real unicorn than the golden effigy of a unicorn outside a local pub of that name—an effigy to which Sir Carol's camera constantly and lovingly returns.

The best thing in the book, as in the film, is the attitude of the grown-ups to the little boy's make-believe. "He calls his little kid a unicorn—why then it's a unicorn!" says each and all, in effect, giving the

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MR. ORSON WELLES AS LORD MOUNTDRAGO IN "THREE CASES OF MURDER."

In selecting Mr. Orson Welles as his choice for the outstanding film actor of the fortnight Mr. Dent writes: "Mr. Orson Welles has been criticised as not looking in the least like any British Foreign Minister [in the film "Three Cases of Murder"]. But he is a powerful enough actor to make us feel that his portrait is what any Foreign Minister worth his salt ought to look like! Mr. Welles is the largest *enfant terrible* in the business of entertainment. He once introduced himself as follows to a lecture-audience of record smallness in a mid-West town in U.S.A.:—'I am a director of plays. I am a producer of plays. I am an actor on the legitimate stage. I am a writer of motion pictures. I am a motion-picture actor. I write, direct, and act on the radio. I am a magician. I also paint and sketch, and I am a book-publisher. I am, too, a violinist and a pianist. Isn't it strange that there are so many of me—and so few of you?'"

matter no more thought. But such action as there is in the book goes steadily and engagingly forward, whereas the action in the film tends to go round and round in circles. One does not mind this so much when it goes round and round Mr. Kandinsky (who is tenderly and touchingly played by David Kossoff). But one does mind it when it goes round and round the Lane itself, which Sir Carol dwells upon delightedly and exactly as though he had never seen a street-market in his life before.

The book, again, is utterly, insistently, and warm-heartedly Jewish in every particular and every character. But in the film Joe and his mother are utterly and insistently Gentile—not to say, genteel (Celia Johnson and an endearing little boy called Jonathan Ashmore play this mother and son). Moreover the young wrestler-apprentice is changed from Schmule to Sam and handed to a blond Apollo (Joe Robinson) who looks about as Jewish as Bassanio in that old play on the subject. Possibly this infiltration is just the way of life as Petticoat Lane lives it. But

it is certainly not the way of Mr. Mankowitz's little novel.

Several good actresses are curiously wasted in this film. Celia Johnson, for example, has hardly anything to do except yearn for the postman's arrival and smile anxiously at her little boy, while delightful people like Brenda de Banzie and Daphne Anderson are reduced to perfunctory dressmaking and a minimum of talk. Another young actress, Diana Dors, has a permanently pouting mouth and elaborate hair of spun gold. She plays Sonia, the be-all and end-all of whose existence is the largest diamond in any engagement ring purchasable in the whole of the East End of London! When Sonia sees her ring in sight at last, her lover having beaten the Python (suitably acted and wrestled by Primo Carnera in person), Mr. Kandinsky ventures to suggest that the purchase of a steam trouser-presser for himself might not inopportune precede the purchase of the ring. Mr. Kandinsky tries cajolery and flattery:—"Here you are, a young woman in the bloom of her beauty, a perfect mate for life with this Maccabeus here!" he says. And it is at this juncture that Mr. Mankowitz has a phrase in his original story which suggests that he had exactly such an actress as Miss Dors in mind should any question of a film-treatment ever arise:—"Sonia didn't say anything. Her face couldn't make up its mind whether she was pleased or not. It was a difficult decision." Miss Dors, in short, makes the part of Sonia more difficult than it really is.

There is more of the same rather fetching sort of fantasy in a film called "Three Cases of Murder," three short stories on the common theme of murder which are introduced—with a great deal of smile and cigarette-smoke—by Eamonn Andrews. The first two stories are in no sense very remarkable or memorable. But the third is Mr. Maugham's "Lord Mountdrago" which is memorable enough in itself, and which Orson Welles makes very memorable indeed as the peer who is driven to death at the foot of what I take to be the steps of Westminster Hall by the ill-wishing of a Welsh member on the Opposition Bench. The enemy is played by Alan Badel—suave, desperate, very Welsh—and there is an unusually convincing study of a psychiatrist, one quite startlingly without the usual complacent



"A MAN OF WIT AND HUMOUR AS WELL AS HIGH INTELLECT, WHO IS NEVERTHELESS BROUGHT TO DISGRACE AND RUIN BY A SERIES OF NIGHTMARES INSINUATED INTO HIS SLEEPING BRAIN BY A REMORSELESS ENEMY": MR. ORSON WELLES AS THE FOREIGN SECRETARY IN "LORD MOUNTDRAGO," IN "THREE CASES OF MURDER" (BRITISH LION), IN A SCENE IN WHICH HE DREAMS HE IS BEHAVING IN AN UNDIGNIFIED MANNER AT A NIGHT CLUB. (LONDON PREMIERE AT THE WARNER THEATRE ON MAY 12.)

the eyes of a little Jewish boy of six years old. It is quite small and fleeting, but so readable that you really and truly cannot put it down till read, not even on your pillow.

Mr. Kandinsky, the old tailor, tells fairy-tales to little Joe. One is about the magical properties of the unicorn, which is said to live in Africa, the dark continent where Joe's father has gone to work, and whence he writes too few letters to Joe's mother. Mr. Kandinsky's young assistant, Shmule, is muscle-bound and muscle-proud and hankers after a prize in the wrestling booth so that he can buy a ring for his sweetheart, Sonia, who works in the over-crowded establishment of a leering draper who styles himself, "Madame Rita" (made wittily deplorable in the film by Sydney Tafler).

The unicorn—says Mr. Kandinsky, beaming through his benevolent glasses—is a rare acquisition which will grant all its owner's wishes. So little Joe acquires one. It is only an ailing little kid with one



"HE CALLS HIS LITTLE KID A UNICORN—WHY THEN, IT'S A UNICORN!": JOE (JONATHAN ASHMORE) WITH THE LITTLE KID WHICH HE CHERISHES, AND HIS FRIEND MR. KANDINSKY, THE OLD TAILOR (DAVID KOSOFF), IN A SCENE FROM "A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS" (INDEPENDENT FILM DISTRIBUTORS) WHICH HAD ITS LONDON PREMIERE AT THE PLAZA, PICCADILLY, ON MAY 13.

smile expected in this profession, by André Morell.

But the story, and indeed the whole picture, of which it is only the last section, is dominated by Mr. Welles's splendid and complete Foreign Secretary, a man of wit and humour as well as high intellect, who is nevertheless brought to disgrace and ruin by a series of nightmares insinuated into his sleeping brain by a remorseless enemy.

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A GREAT AIR WAR FILM WHICH HAD TWO ROYAL PREMIÈRES: "THE DAM BUSTERS."



ASSISTED BY HIS TWO DAUGHTERS: DR. BARNES WALLIS (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) PREPARES TO FIRE THE CATAULPT ARRANGEMENT RIGGED ON HIS TERRACE.



WING-COMMANDER GUY GIBSON (RICHARD TODD; RIGHT) HOLDS THE FINAL TRAINING CONFERENCE IN HIS OFFICE. (L. TO R.) F/LT. HAY (BASIL APPLEBY), F/LT. MICKY MARTIN (BILL KERR), F/LT. HOPGOOD (JOHN FRASER), SQN. LDR. YOUNG (RICHARD LEECH), F/LT. ASTELL (DAVID MORELL) AND SQN. LDR. MAUDSLAY (RICHARD THORPE).



DR. BARNES WALLIS (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) DEMONSTRATES HIS IDEA FOR HIS NEW BOMB, DESIGNED TO BLOW UP THE RUHR DAMS, TO WHITEHALL OFFICIALS.



AT THE EXPERIMENTAL STATION AT HARMONDWSORTH: THE NEW BOMB, DESIGNED BY DR. BARNES WALLIS TO DESTROY THE RUHR DAMS, IS BEING TESTED.



P.O. SPAFFORD (NIGEL STOCK), IN THE BOMB-AIMER'S COMPARTMENT OF ONE OF THE LANCASTERS, IS ABOUT TO RELEASE THE BOMB OVER THE DAM.



SUCCESS: THE FIRST OF THE GREAT RUHR DAMS IS BOMBED AND BREACHED, UNLEASHING TORRENTS OF WATER—A GREAT MOMENT IN A GREAT FILM.

It is a rare occurrence when an outstanding achievement is recorded in an outstanding book which, in its turn, is made into an outstanding film. But this is true of a new British film, "The Dam Busters" (Associated British Pathé), which is based on Paul Brickhill's memorable book of the same name, and which tells of the conception, the planning and the carrying-out of the raid, led by Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., on the Moehne and its subsidiary dams. The script is by Mr. R. C. Sherriff and the director is Mr. Michael Anderson. Michael Redgrave plays the part of Dr. Barnes Wallis, the inventor of the special "dam-busting" bomb, who overcame official scepticism and, working against a desperate deadline, produced a revolutionary new weapon which played an important part in the war effort. The part of Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, one of the most

brilliant pilots in Bomber Command, who won the V.C. for his leadership and complete disregard for personal safety during the Moehne and Eder dams raid of May 1943, is played by Richard Todd. The film had two Royal premières at the Empire Theatre, Leicestershire Square, the first on May 16—the twelfth anniversary of the great raid on the Ruhr dams—was attended by H.R.H. Princess Margaret. The Princess met fifteen of the eighty survivors of the R.A.F. raid and also met parents and relatives of some of the fifty-three officers and men who were killed in it. Her Royal Highness spoke to Mr. A. J. Gibson, the father, and Mrs. Eve Hyman, the widow of Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, who was killed in action in 1944. The second Royal première, on May 17, was attended by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SAINT AND SINNERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

A WEEK has passed since I saw Anouilh's "The Lark" (Christopher Fry's version of "L'Alouette") at the Lyric, Hammersmith. I am certain now why, on the first night, this Joan, though touching, satisfied me much less than Shaw's. Dame Sybil Thorndike, the finest Joan of her day, has said that, were the Maid alive, she would follow her without question. One would follow Shaw's. But Anouilh's? —here I am far less confident. She is the lark singing in the sky. But I doubt if she could cry "Who is for God and His Maid? Who is for Orléans with me?" and persuade me to join her.

Anouilh's creation is a miniature; Shaw's, pillar of faith and fire, is the fuller portrait. One felt that the French dramatist would always prefer to slip round a question that Shaw would answer plumb in the middle. Still, let comparison cease. We should ask here what we might have thought of the play if "Saint Joan" had not been written.

Theatrically, it is cunning, and (one need not say) beautifully translated by Christopher Fry. Throughout we appear to be at the Trial; but the first half of the evening contrives to flash up Joan's progress: she is seen at Domrémy, at Vaucouleurs, at Chinon; nearly all the while, the personages of the Trial are there, watching. Silently, confusingly sometimes, they thread in and out of the tale. It is not until the second half that we get down to the business of the Trial when Joan is faced by an Inquisitor who is nothing but a fanatic: gaunt, pitiless, black-robed, he could stand in a morality play as a manifestation of Intolerance. Michael Goodliffe presents him with force; we have our doubts about Anouilh's subtlety.

It is in this scene of the lost lark that Dorothy Tutin moves us most. ("Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage?" asks Webster's Bosola; and we have that sight at Hammersmith.) In her grey jerkin, Dorothy Tutin may not be Joan the leader, but she is touchingly the girl whose faith is tried; who yields in mental torment, and who, in her cell again, withdraws her recantation (one is reminded of Maulnier's Joan), and faces the stake. Presently Anouilh makes his sudden theatrical effect. Joan is hurried to the stake; she is chained there; we wait for the end. And this is by no means what we expect. The end of Joan's story is a happy one, cries Cauchon; and, as we watch, Rouen dissolves, and we are swept back to the crowning of the Dauphin Charles at Rheims, to a brief moment of pageantry, with Joan, as warrior victorious, letting the banner stream. Joan, for Frenchmen, is not the Maid of Rouen but the Maid of Orléans, Joan triumphant.

Equal the horn of Roland high on the Pyrenees,
Equal the lance of Joan in the gate of Orléans . . .

No caged lark here, but the lark singing in the open sky of France. It may be a trick; it is, none the less, an exciting trick; Peter Brook, the director, has managed it with a swift ease. It is, indeed, an entire course in production to observe the way in which Brook has ordered the stage; its lighting, the disposition of the few hurdles that seem to make up most of the setting.

The playing is in key. Laurence Naismith's urgent Cauchon, Donald Pleasance's idiosyncratic and unfoiled study of the Dauphin, the gloating in the voice of Leo McKern's Promoter: these keep the memory, and so

too, does the cynical Warwick of Richard Johnson, acted with uncommon poise, though the part—and we must return to comparison—is a caricature beside Shaw's masterly diplomatist.

One part I sadly missed. Where was Dunois? Maybe he would have been uneasy with this Joan. On the other side, Anouilh has done well by de Beaudricourt the Squire of Vaucouleurs, and David Bird does delightfully by Anouilh. Mr. Bird has long been one of our foremost character actors; he has not matched this performance of a dull fellow wheedled into the belief that he is doing something fine, and that it is all his own idea. One seems to observe an idea visiting Mr. Bird's brain, knocking in despair for a moment, and then—when it is on the edge of retreat—finding the door tentatively opened; a glimmer flicks into the man's eyes, and you know that a message has somehow filtered through the haze. And his voice? Let us say, like cherry jam, though through the years I have despaired of finding the right word for this endearing utterance.

I hover on the epithet "endearing." To judge from the opinions of my colleagues, this (or something like it) should be the word for "My Three Angels," at the Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue. I disagree heartily. Ronald Shiner is an invariably ingratiating comedian; but it is hard to appreciate a piece that turns upon sheer callousness. The three "angels" are amiable; at first one is content to treat as gentle fantasy the picture of a Christmas (1910) at

Cayenne, French Guiana, where a trio of convicts, from a working-party, contrive to straighten out the affairs of a feckless shopkeeper, his wife and daughter. Then a pair of unpleasant types arrive from France; it is necessary, for the plot, that they shall be extinguished. The unfortunate choice is snake-bite; and there my pleasure died. I may be over-squeamish; but neither Bella and Samuel Spewack (the American authors who have adapted the play from a French original), nor the excellent acting of all concerned, can persuade me that this is grand theatrical fun. Let us leave the matter there, with a salute to Mr. Shiner, who brings—shall we say?—the Portobello Road to Cayenne with a confidence that is (yes, I know) endearing.

Cayenne that Christmas seemed to drowse in the hottest sunshine. I discovered myself last week emerging from Bath Station in the wake of Alan Dent and (the facts have nothing to do with each other) in a flurry of snow mixed with hail and sleet: a peculiarly depressing welcome to a May Festival. However, there was no depression at the Theatre Royal. Emlyn Williams had left Dickens temporarily for Dylan Thomas, the tribute of one talented Welshman to another in a protean performance that lasted for two-and-a-half hours. Moreover, Mr. Williams did not touch "Milk Wood," though certain of the choices foreshadowed the play to come.

Personally, I shall remember, above anything, the weary child on the club outing through West Wales that August day, one of those memories of youth—the programme is called "Dylan Thomas Growing Up"—when the boy Dylan was up with the lark. Then, too, there were the schoolboys in the Swansea house, and the fantasy, "Adventures in the Skin Trade," with its "Milk Wood" hints:

He heard his sister sleeping in the box-room under the signed photographs of actors from the repertory theatre and the jealous pictures of the marriages of friends. In the biggest bedroom overlooking the field that was called the back, his father turned over the bills of the month in his one dream; his mother in bed mopped and polished through a wood of kitchens.

The recital ended, as it should, to the sound of Williams's voice off-stage, speaking the last line of "And death shall have no dominion," while light shone only upon a single chair and upon a screen with the name of Dylan Thomas. It was a rich evening in the theatre; it left a glow that remained with me on the way back to Queen Square in the unkindly May sleet. (At any rate, the snow had stopped—it may merely have been a flake or so.)

The minor saints and sinners who are the personages of a frivole called "Twenty Minutes South" (Players') have tried to put Suburbia on the musical comedy stage. Amiable music (by Peter Greenwell); a moderate text: one cannot say more, except to remember the scarlet-runner face of George Woodbridge as he realised the havoc someone had made in his garden. Even so, I am happier with the glorious Pooters from the late 1880's. "The Diary of a Nobody"—which began its career at the Arts last autumn—is now at the Duchess, with Leslie Henson and Hermione Baddeley at home, and loyally subdued. Here's a lark indeed.



"IN HER GREY JERKIN, DOROTHY TUTIN MAY NOT BE JOAN THE LEADER, BUT SHE IS TOUCHINGLY THE GIRL WHOSE FAITH IS TRIED . . .": DOROTHY TUTIN AS JOAN IN "THE LARK" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), IN A SCENE FROM CHRISTOPHER FRY'S TRANSLATION OF JEAN ANOUILH'S "L'ALOUETTE," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY PETER BROOK.



"MR. SHINER, WHO BRINGS—SHALL WE SAY?—THE PORTOBELLO ROAD TO CAYENNE WITH A CONFIDENCE THAT IS (YES, I KNOW) ENDEARING": RONALD SHINER AS JOSEPH, WITH CYRIL LUCKHAM AS FELIX DULAY, IN "MY THREE ANGELS" (LYRIC THEATRE).



"RONALD SHINER IS AN INVARIABLY INGRATIATING COMEDIAN; BUT IT IS HARD TO APPRECIATE A PIECE THAT TURNS UPON SHEER CALLOUSNESS": "MY THREE ANGELS," SHOWING A SCENE FROM SAM AND BELLA SPEWACK'S COMEDY, WITH (L. TO R.) MARIE LOUISE (ELVI HALE); GASTON LAMARE (HUGH MANNING); JOSEPH (RONALD SHINER); ALFRED (NIGEL STOCK) AND JULES (GEORGE ROSE).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TWENTY MINUTES SOUTH" (Players').—What goes on in the suburb of Addison Park and in a City office: book by Maurice Browning, music (the stronger half of the collaboration) by Peter Greenwell. We have some enthusiastic singing and one furious mambo (not usual in Addison Park), but the general effect is only mild. (May 10.)

"THE LARK" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—One should not go to this expecting another "Saint Joan." Anouilh's play is inferior to Shaw's; but it is, at the same time, as good as anything of his we have seen in London; and with Dorothy Tutin as the Maid, Christopher Fry's rendering of the text, and Peter Brook's equally expert production, there is much to admire. (May 11.)

"MY THREE ANGELS" (Lyric).—This mild comedy about the three convicts who act as Christmas good angels to a family in Cayenne, French Guiana, was ruined for me by its reliance on snake-bite to dispose of two of the characters. Some devices are not legitimate comedy; this is one of them. Ronald Shiner is as sharply likeable as usual. (May 12.)

EMLYN WILLIAMS AS DYLAN THOMAS (Theatre Royal, Bath).—Williams has gone now from Dickens to what he calls "Dylan Thomas Growing Up," another protean achievement and the tribute of one distinguished Welshman to another. (May 17.)

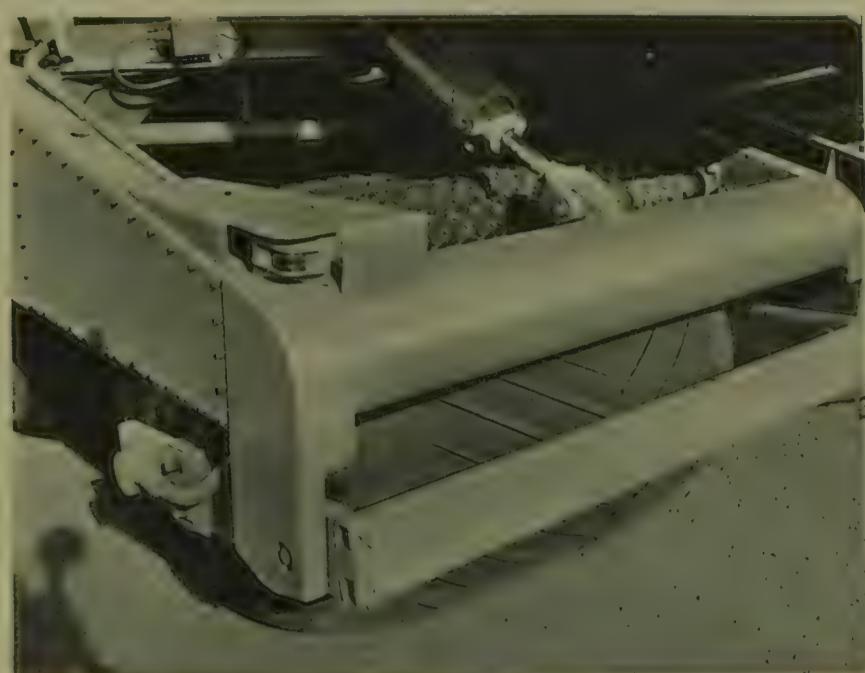
"THE DIARY OF A NOBODY" (Duchess).—Our old friends, the Pooters. Basil Dean and Richard Blake's version of the book—reviewed here last autumn, when it was done at the Arts—makes us free of that revered Holloway household. The newcomers, Leslie Henson and Hermione Baddeley, are wisely controlled; and Basil Dean's production of the party at The Laurels, Brickfield Terrace, is still a joy. (May 17.)

TRIUMPHS OF ENGINEERING AND INGENUITY,
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PRESENTING A WOODEN HORSE SIMILAR TO THAT DESCRIBED IN HIS ESCAPE BOOK, TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, LAMBETH: MR. ERIC WILLIAMS (LEFT).

A copy of the vaulting-horse used by Mr. Eric Williams and his fellow prisoners of war to mask the tunnel by which they escaped from Stalag Luft III. as described in his book, "The Wooden Horse" has been constructed, and was on May 19 presented by Mr. Williams to the Director of the Imperial War Museum, Lambeth. The crates from which it is made, bear, as did the original ones, the sign of the International Red Cross. It will stand in the R.A.F. section of the Museum.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

I DOUBT if curiosity about the facts is quite the right motive for reading fiction. But it is a very natural motive; and it enables documentary or journalistic novels to get by, "goodness" apart. Yet even so, "The Thaw," by Ilya Ehrenburg (Harvill Press; 10s. 6d.), is a special case. Because one just can't tell whether it is or is not a good novel; at least I tried, and got no answer. There is an impression of great smoothness and dexterity, veiling the fact that almost nothing happens. And there is certainly unbroken interest. But the atmosphere is so remote, and curiosity so paramount, that the whole book affects one as a curiosity.

Though it reveals, and, in fact, is about, a discreet movement towards Western values (not, of course, so called). This note is struck right off. There is a "readers' meeting" at the factory club, to discuss a new novel which "failed in his afforestation scheme." And Dmitry Koroteyev, a brilliant, highly-cultured engineer, denounces the love-interest. How could the agronomist have fallen in love with his colleague's wife—"an empty-headed flirt who has nothing in common with him spiritually"? Surely "our Soviet people" have more character . . .? This speech (as somebody says later) is "according to the book of rules." Yet the worthiest don't applaud; they think it strange in Koroteyev, a "live person." And he is promptly challenged by little, giggling Katya from the factory. "The way I look at it, a human being has a heart, and so he suffers. What's wrong with that?" Not only is the tale on her side—but Koroteyev happens to be languishing for the Director's wife. Really, he was admonishing himself. But his romance is blest—because Juravlov, the husband, is a "typical bureaucrat."

That gives the whole theme in a nutshell; and you will understand, perhaps, that the more "Western" its trend, the more one can't help laughing at its foreignness. Nevertheless, either the climate really must have changed, or the author has got away with a good deal. At every turn, he plumps for heart, feeling, the individual. He doesn't say that it is "Soviet," and shocking, to pooh-pooh an injustice as a "mere individual case"; but he implies it glaringly. He doesn't say official art is bunk; but his career-artist, Volodya, is producing bunk—while the inspired Saburov paints "two houses and a tree," starves in a hovel and is never exhibited. He does say human beings have been sacrificed to machines—for now, at last, "they" really mean the workers to "live properly." This is too bad for Juravlov, who thought the quota had priority over the housing plan. His downfall is supposed to signify the triumph of right. To me it seemed the cloven hoof again; and I suspect the author of being double-minded. At any rate, Juravlov and the mocking, cynical Volodya are his most human figures. But there is great charm in his atmosphere of boy-gets-girl. The narrative is full of couples: all mute, all struggling—on "Soviet," or no apparent grounds—with their old-fashioned love, and eagerly misunderstanding each other. And it is all nostalgic, tenuous and fragrant as a breath of spring.

OTHER FICTION.

"Russian Roulette," by Anthony Bloomfield (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.), shows exceptional cleverness in a beginner; but it would probably make "Soviet man" feel very smug. Here, too, we have a winter scene: a slushy, pub-crawling, ignoble winter in a seaside town, with discontents to match. Young Martin Robinson, a Corporation clerk, has left his petty-bourgeois groove for the corrupting Gresham, and the ambient of a loose woman. And though he is a "cherub," with a nice, quiet girl of his own, perhaps he will never get back. Perhaps death is already working in him. . . . And in the woman, too—with her conspicuous and gaudy air, as of "an over-ripe fruit in a dessert dish." It is this emanation that attracts the cynical reporter, Carr, when he first sees them together. Especially, he is drawn to the boy, as to an extinct self. Having exhausted all immediate feeling, he has an itch to control Robinson, and find a new experience in his destruction. This half-unconscious impulse is intensely stimulated by the woman's murder. Robinson had been with her the same night; he denies it to the police, feels himself hopelessly ensnared, and turns to Carr as a moral prop. Also, he can't resist telling his girl. They become a threesome after that: with Carr nudging his *alter ego* to despair and suicide, and Alice, half-loved, inexperienced and staunch, fighting to pull him up. There is a lot of realistic pub-talk, between depressing rendezvous in cheerless, exact spots: but not, I think, very much life. It is a brilliant exercise, however.

"The Day of the Fair," by Jean Matheson (Collins; 12s. 6d.), has a delightful ease and humour, though it is not the kind one can sum up. Three or four households are involved—as well as Number Five, which is a small nursing-home. This last provides the two leading characters. Betty, the Matron's exiled little niece, has a school holiday, but is not supposed to go to the Fair; Nurse Crawley means to take her, for all that. The irrepressible super-child, Miss Blasket, has been let down by Cousin Madge, who should have taken her. Therefore, she sneaks out on her own—decked in the spoils of Lady Chloris Wood, a superannuated Bright Young Thing. And the adventures of these two criss-cross the darker path of the Troon family. Miss Blasket is the funniest and most appealing of liberators.

"Long Shadows," by Joanna Cannan (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is about the murder of a pretty, best-selling biographer, of the debunking school. And it is so enjoyable that one can't be bothered working out its exact merits as detection. It would be worth while, simply for the Fairlie *ménage*: an attractive smoothie of a publisher, married to a nice, plump, rather jingoistic American girl. Ivor had been philandering with Dawn; and as she lived near by, and was found almost on her own doorstep, he becomes a suspect. But his offended Alex gets together with the charwoman's daughter. . . . Then there is the ghastly Superintendent Price, with his progressive outlook and fluent journalese idiom: and three Victorian old creatures, ghosts from a bygone literary age, walking at noon. The problem is delightfully twopence-coloured; and the charm is everywhere.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN ARAB HISTORY, AFRICA GUIDES, AND REFERENCE BOOKS.

I REMEMBER as a boy my father, no insignificant Orientalist, telling me to "watch Ibn Sa'ud." Mr. St. John Philby, who has written "Sa'udi Arabia" (Benn; 30s.), and can, I suppose, be described as certainly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living Orientalists (and a convert to Islam into the bargain), was a friend and admirer of that great Arabian monarch. The Wahabis were, and, in spite of the impact of the most material of all materialistic emanations of Western "civilisation" in the shape of the oil companies, still are an extremely puritanical Mohammedian sect. In the clear, pure air of the Central and Southern Arabian desert these nomadic or semi-nomadic Arabs evolved in five centuries a politico-religious régime which made the followers of Calvin look like the more luxury-loving inhabitants of the Cities of the Plain. Here, in what has so often been called *Arabia Felix* (which, to say the least of it, is a comparative term), the first searing flame which sent Islam sweeping like a prairie fire through the Near East, the Middle East, Africa, Europe, Spain, rekindled this fanatical, utterly intolerant, but objectively admirable zeal. Mr. St. John Philby's book is fascinating for the Oriental historian, but for me its interest is concentrated in the last few chapters, which deal with the fierce creator of a great Central and Southern Arabian kingdom and the great Middle Eastern statesman who was Ibn Sa'ud. For those who were brought up on the exploits of Lawrence of Arabia and the remarkable band who formed the Arab Bureau in World War I. (of whom I suppose my friend, Sir Ronald Storrs, must be now the only notable survivor), it is not unamusing to see how acid are the rivalries of Orientalists. Indeed, apart from the anthropologists and Horatian commentators, I know of few more politely quarrelsome gentry. Thus, Mr. St. John Philby (as a supporter of Ibn Sa'ud he could hardly be expected to like the great supporter of King Feisal) only mentions Lawrence of Arabia three times (and in passing), and on one of these three occasions refers to him as "Colonel" (in quotes) Lawrence. No one with an interest in the Middle East should fail to read this important book. It ends, for those who love the desert people and their ways, on a note of sadness. The great puritanical King, forced by the pressure of the wealth from the oilfields which poured in upon him, had to relax or see relaxed the ancient puritanism of his sect. So much so, that the old King prayed that the end of the world might come in his time and that in a third war the new atomic weapons might end Islamic and all civilisation. "Who would have thought even a few years ago," he exclaimed bitterly, "that I should live to see liquor and drugs coming into Riyadh, when we used to condemn even the use of tobacco? The fault lies not in others, but in myself. If it were in my power to choose, I would have doomsday now!" Wahabites may, in the purity of their religion as envisaged by King Ibn Sa'ud, have been impossibly intolerant by Western standards. Nevertheless, in a world of crumbling values it is permissible to sigh over the engulfing of ancient desert virtues by the less desirable and more chromium-plated aspects of Western civilisation.

That great administrator and imperialist (in the best sense of the word), the late Lord Lloyd, was once sailing down the Red Sea with Lord Chandos's father, the late Alfred Lyttelton, then Colonial Secretary. "When, my dear George," said the Colonial Secretary, "shall we see Aden?" "Never," came back the reply, "so long as you look for it over this side of the ship." While the influence of Islam on large parts of Northern and Eastern Africa is, of course, evident, nevertheless, there is a profound, if impalpable, difference between Asiatic and African Mohammedanism. The appearance of a hardy (if one may say so) annual in the "Year Book and Guide to East Africa," edited by A. Gordon-Brown (Hale; 7s. 6d.), is a timely reminder of this. This is quite invaluable as a book of reference. In addition to an excellent map, the handbook is a mine of information, ranging from motor routes to the history of the famous siege of Fort Jesus, in Mozambique, by the Arabs in March 1696, which dragged on for fifteen months. When the Arabs finally stormed the walls, they killed the survivors of a force which had originally numbered over a thousand fighting-men—eleven men and two women.

Similarly, the "Year Book and Guide to Southern Africa," by the same author and from the same stable, at 9s. 6d., is a mine of information which will appeal to the reader and the traveller, from those who are interested in, shall we say, the prehistoric relics in Northern Rhodesia to those who wish to know the exact proportion of Anglicans to members of the Dutch Reformed Church in Southern Rhodesia. As for the Union of South Africa, the information given on its historical, administrative, commercial and touristic aspects could not be fuller.

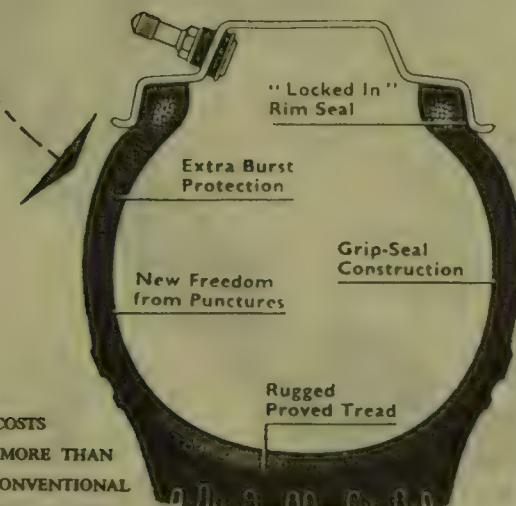
Another and much more famous work of reference is, of course, "Debrett," published by Odhams at 9 gns. "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage" is now bigger than ever before, totalling over 3,600 pages—400 pages more than before the war. Mr. C. E. J. Hankinson, its editor, among the other interesting remarks which he makes in his preface, suggests that the 250,000 people in this country who belong to families entitled to coats-of-arms are too shy. I agree with him when he says that this harmless exercise of historic rights is sadly neglected. "Family crests on personal writing-paper are seldom seen these days, and there are very few private cars whose doors are emblazoned with their owner's coat-of-arms." Mr. Hankinson refers to the recent Court of Chivalry held by the Lord Chief Justice and the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, but I fear that he is over-optimistic when he says: "If the unlawful use of armorial bearings cannot be restrained by the Court of Chivalry, then more adequate powers should be granted to it." It reminds me of the *Punch* joke in the 'twenties when a young man, asking for "an old school tie" in a shop, replied to the query of "Which school?" with, "Oh, any good school."

Another hardy but welcome annual is the "Britannica Book of the Year," published by the Encyclopædia Britannica at 4 gns. This is as comprehensive, up-to-date and interesting as usual.

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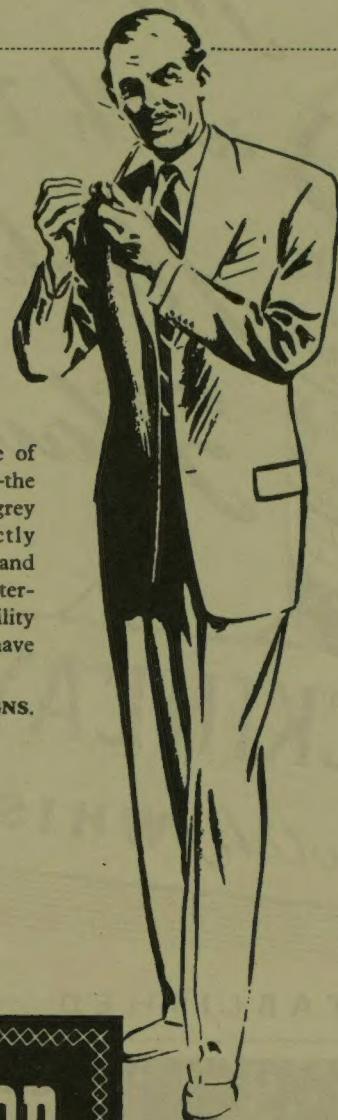
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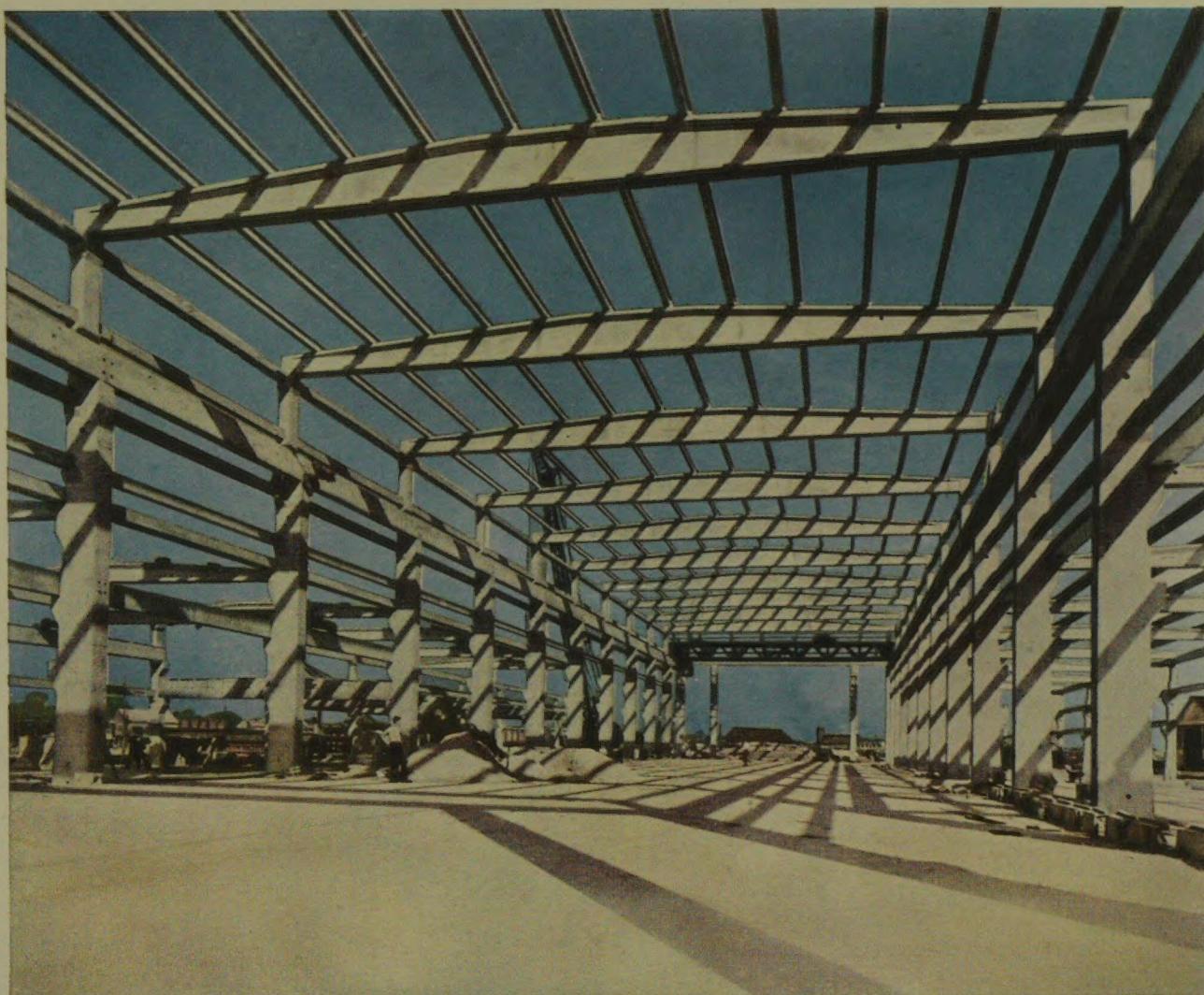
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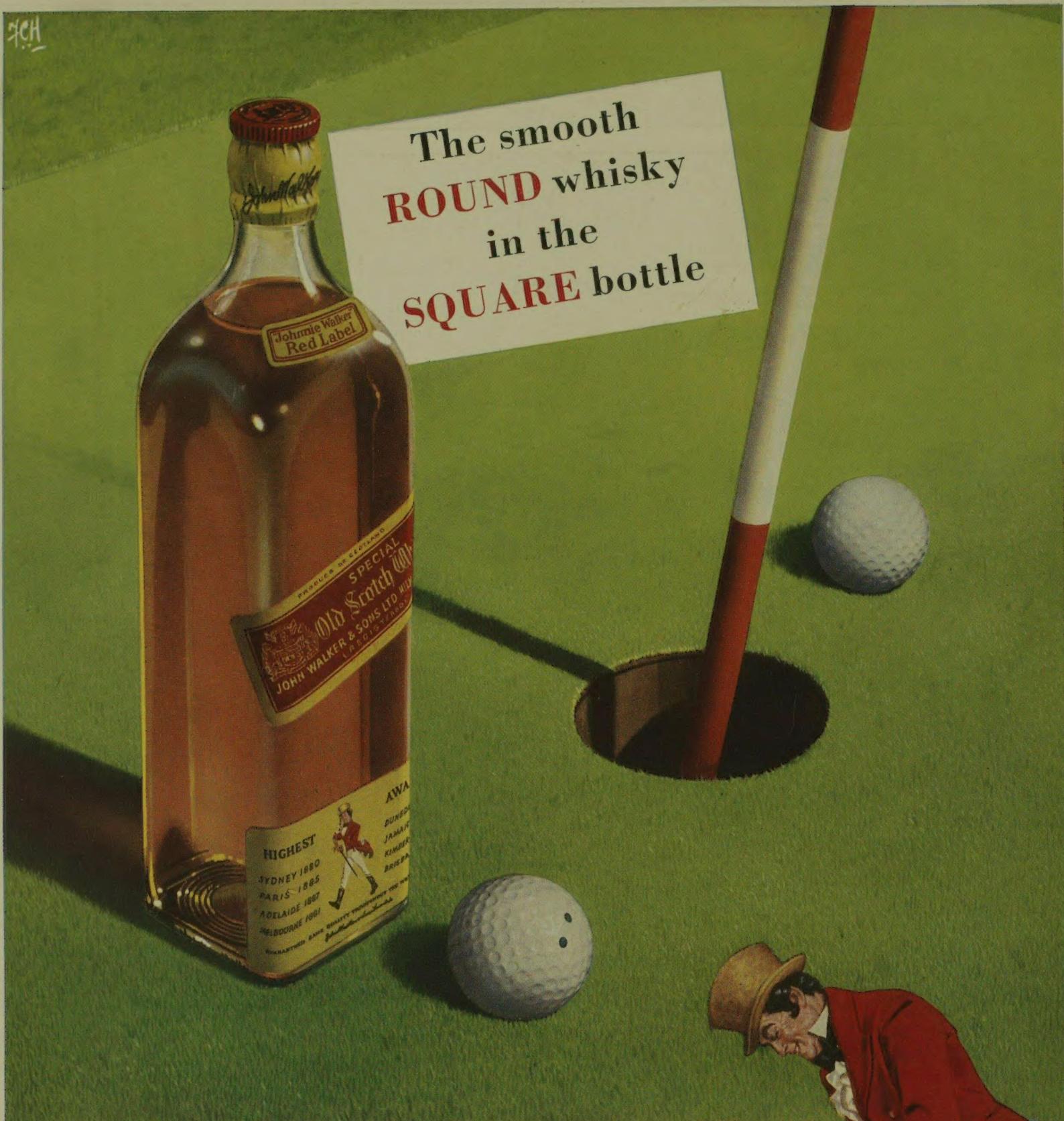
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